



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

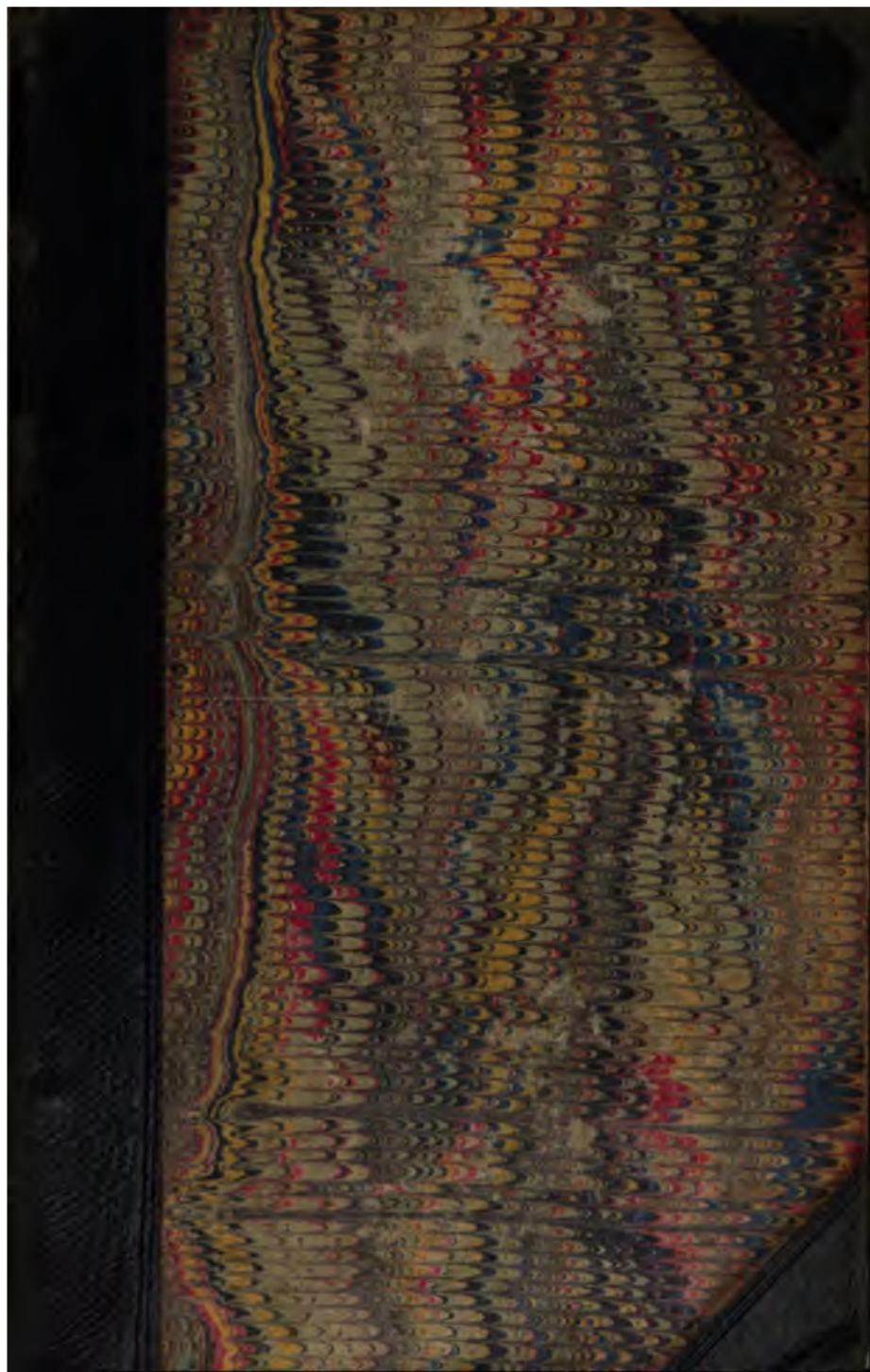
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

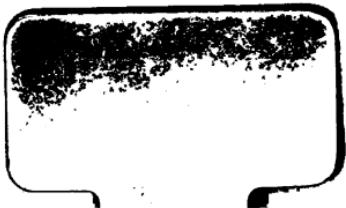
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



22014 f. 227







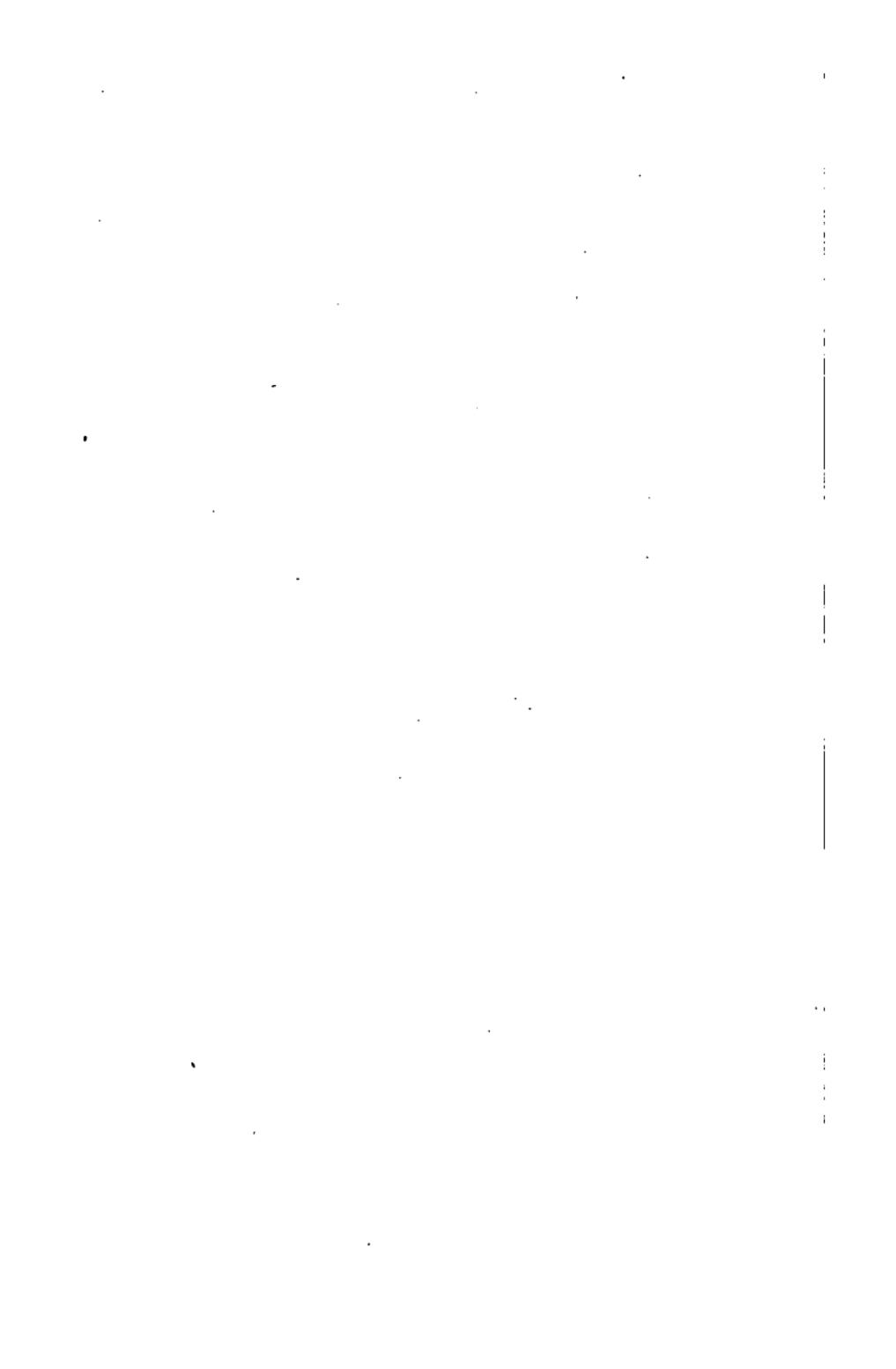




THE
BRITISH POETS.

One Hundred Volumes.

VOL. XLVIII.



THE
BRITISH POETS.
INCLUDING
TRANSLATIONS.

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

XLVIII.

SHENSTONE, VOL. II. MALLET.

CHISWICK:

**Printed by C. Whittingham,
COLLEGE HOUSE;**

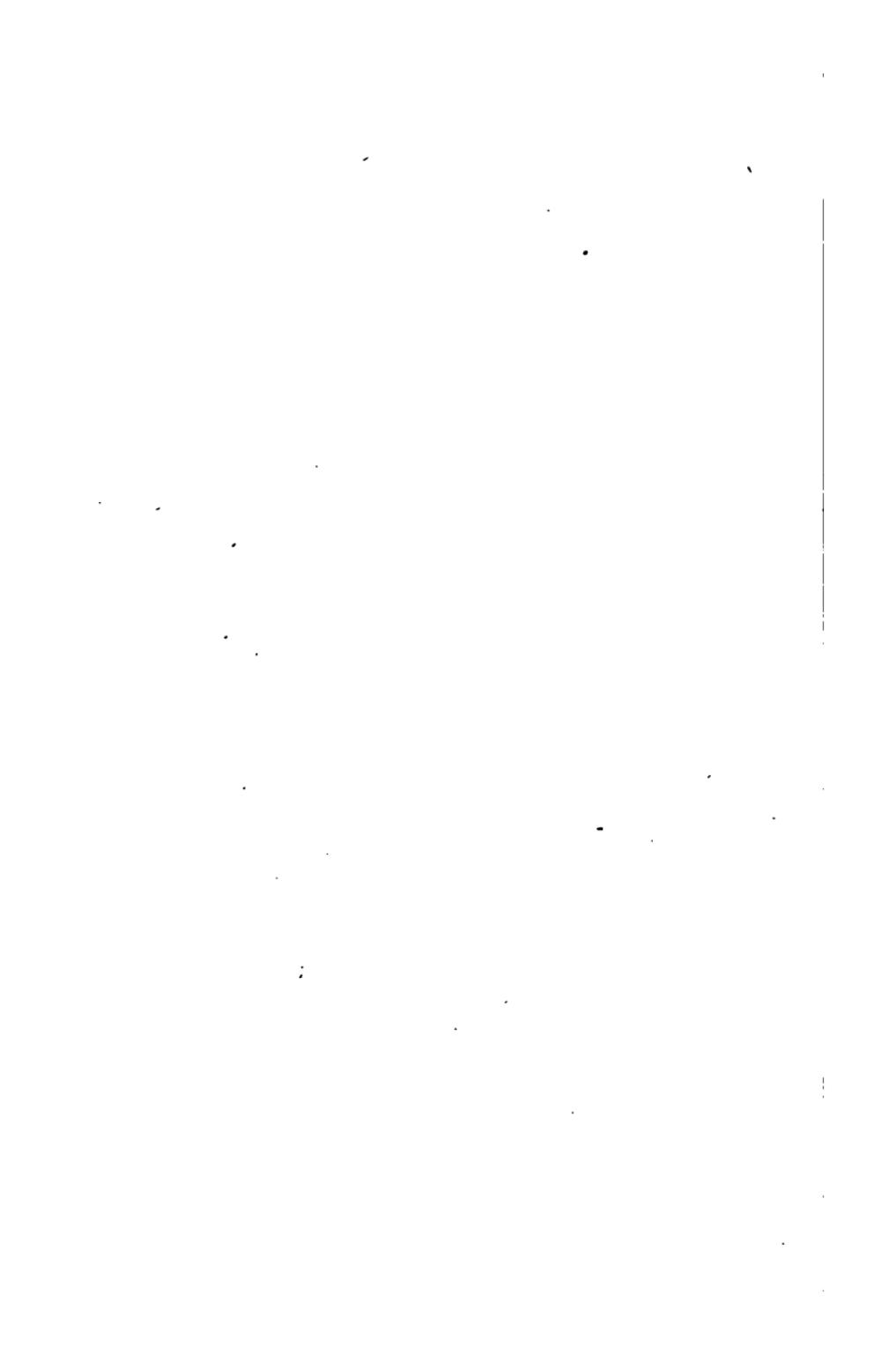
**FOR J. CARPENTER, J. BOOKER, RODWELL AND MARTIN,
G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER, R. TRIPHOOK, J. EBERS,
TAYLOR AND HESSEY, R. JENNINGS, G. COWIE AND CO.
N. HAILES, J. PORTER, B. E. LLOYD AND SON,
C. SMITH, AND C. WHITTINGHAM.**

1822.



THE
POEMS
OF
SHENSTONE, VOL. II.—AND MALLET.

Chiswick:
FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
COLLEGE HOUSE.



CONTENTS.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, VOL. II.

ODES.	Page
To Health, 1730.....	7
To a Lady of Quality, fitting up her Library, 1738.....	9
Anacreontic, 1738	10
Written 1739	12
Upon a Visit to a Lady of Quality, in Winter, 1748.....	13
To Memory, 1748	14
Written towards the Close of the Year 1748	16
An Irregular Ode, after Sickness, 1749.....	19
Rural Elegance. To the late Duchess of Somerset.....	23
To Indolence, 1750.....	33
To a young Lady, somewhat too solicitous about her Manner of Expression.....	34
Written in a Flower Book of my own colouring	36
The Dying Kid.....	37
Ode—So dear my Lucio is to me.....	39
A Pastoral Ode. To the Hon. Sir Richard Lyttelton...	40
To Cynthia, on the approach of Spring	46
To a Lady, with some coloured Patterns of Flowers....	48
Love and Music	51
Comparison.....	53
Cupid and Plutus.....	54
Epilogue to the Tragedy of Cleone.....	56
A Pastoral Ballad, in Four Parts, 1733	58
The Princess Elizabeth. A Ballad	66
Nancy of the Vale. A Ballad.....	68
Jemmy Dawson. A Ballad	70
Song.—I told my nymph, I told her true.....	73
Song. The Landseape.....	74
Song.—Ye gentle nymphs and generous dames	74
Song. The Skylark.....	75
Song.—On every tree, in every plain.....	76
Song. The Attribute of Venus.....	77
Song.—When bright Roxane treads the green.....	78
Song. Valentine's Day	78
Song.—The fatal hours are wondrous near.....	80
Song.—The lovely Delia smiles again	81
Song.—Perhaps it is not love, said I	81
Song.—O'er desert plains, and rushy meers.....	82
Song. Winter.....	83
Song. The Scholar's Relapse.....	83

	Page
Song. The Rose-Bud.....	84
Song. Daphne's Visit.....	85
Song.—Adieu, ye jovial youths ! who join	86
Song. Imitated from the French.....	86
Song.—When bright Ophelia treads the green.....	87
Song.—When first, Philander, first I came.....	88
Song. The Halcyon.....	89
Epitaph.....	90

DAVID MALLET.

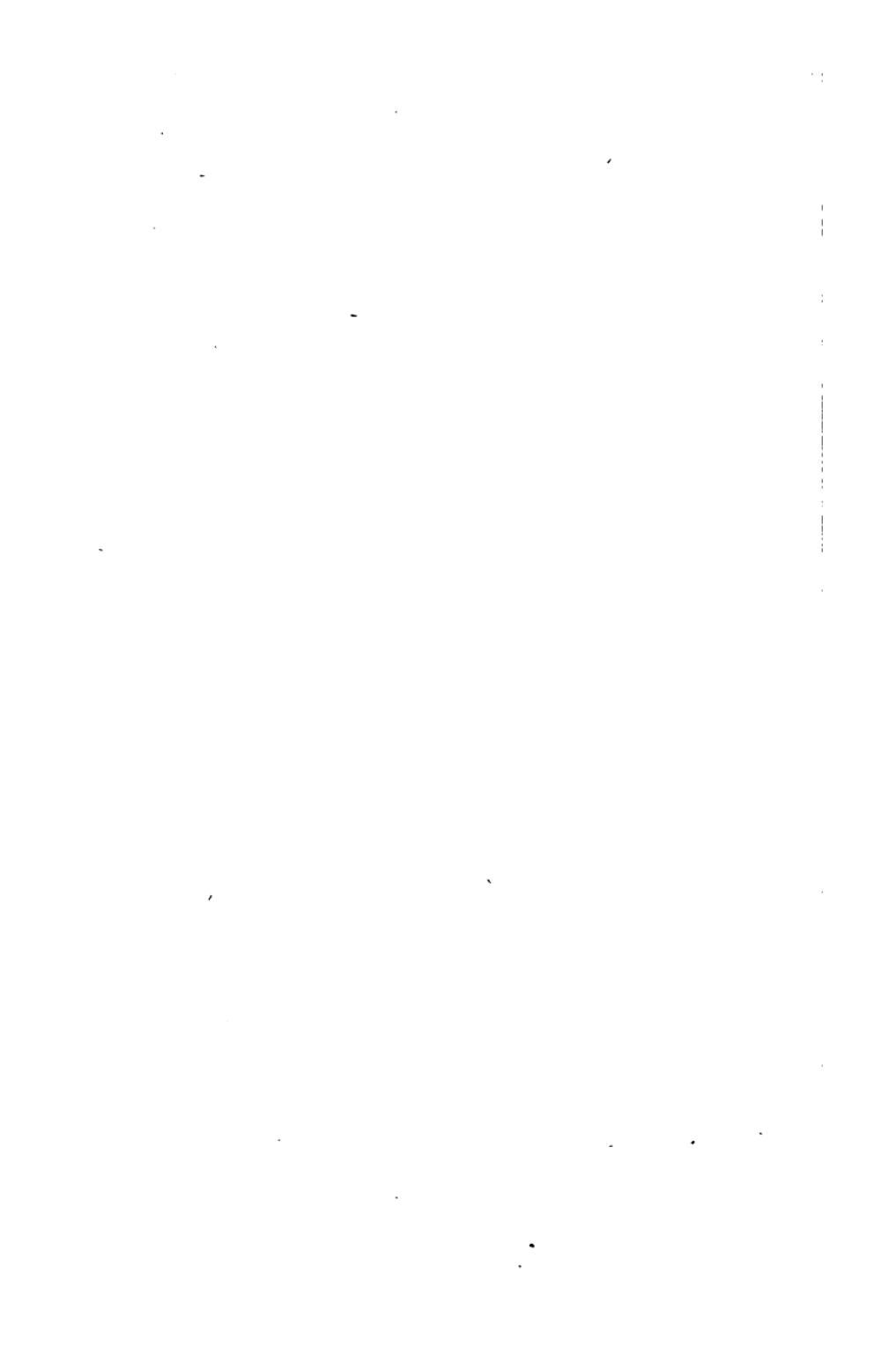
LIFE of Mallet, by Dr. Johnson.....	93
Dedication to Lord Mansfield.....	99
Dedication to the Duke of Marlborough	101
Amyntor and Theodora.—Preface.....	103
Amyntor and Theodora ; or, the Hermit.....	107
William and Margaret.....	150
Edwin and Emma.....	153
The Excursion, in Two Cantos.....	158

MISCELLANIES.

Verses presented to the Prince of Orange in 1734.....	188
Verses on Dr. Frazer's rebuilding Part of the University of Aberdeen.....	190
A Fragment.....	192
Cupid and Hymen ; or, the Wedding-Day.....	195
Truth in Rhyme, addressed to a certain Noble Lord.....	202
The Reward ; or, Apollo's Acknowledgments.....	207
Tyburn ; to the Marine Society.....	211
The Discovery.....	221
Impromptu on a Lady playing with a Child.....	223
On I—— H——, Esq.....	223
Inscription for a Picture.....	224
Epigram on a certain Lord's Passion for a Singer.....	224
Simile in Prior, applied to the same Person.....	224
Epigram on seeing too different Equipages	225
Epigram written at Tunbridge Wells	225
Verses given in print to a Beggar	226
A Winter's Day.....	226
On the Death of Lady Anson.....	228
A Funeral Hymn.....	231
EPITAPHS	233
EPISTLES.....	234
SONGS	245
Ode in the Masque of Alfred	246
PROLOGUES, &c.....	247

THE
POEMS
OF
William Shenstone.

VOL. II.



POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

ODES.

TO HEALTH. 1730.

O HEALTH! capricious maid!
Why dost thou shun my peaceful bower,
Where I had hope to share thy power,
And bless thy lasting aid?
Since thou, alas! art flown;
It vails not whether Muse or Grace,
With tempting smile, frequent the place;
I sigh for thee alone.
Age not forbids thy stay:
Thou yet mightst act the friendly part;
Thou yet mightst raise this languid heart;
Why speed so swift away?
Thou scorn'st the city air;
I breathe fresh gales o'er furrow'd ground,
Yet hast not thou my wishes crown'd;
O false! O partial fair!

I plunge into the wave ;
And though with purest hands I raise
A rural altar to thy praise,
Thou wilt not deign to save.

Amid my well-known grove,
Where mineral fountains vainly bear
Thy boasted name and titles fair,
Why scorns thy foot to rove ?

Thou hear'st the sportsman's claim,
Enabling him, with idle noise,
To drown the Muse's melting voice,
And fright the timorous game.

Is Thought thy foe ? Adieu,
Ye midnight lamps ! ye curious tomes !
Mine eye o'er hills and valleys roams,
And deals no more with you.

Is it the clime you flee ?
Yet midst his unremitting snows
The poor Laponian's bosom glows,
And shares bright rays from thee.

There was, there was a time,
When, though I scorn'd thy guardian care,
Nor made a vow, nor said a prayer,
I did not rue the crime.

Who then more bless'd than I ?
When the glad schoolboy's task was done,
And forth, with jocund sprite, I run
To freedom and to joy ?

How jovial then the day !
What since have all my labours found,
Thus climbing life to gaze around,
That can thy loss repay ?

Wert thou, alas ! but kind ;
Methinks no frown that Fortune wears,
Nor lessen'd hopes, nor growing cares,
Could sink my cheerful mind.

Whate'er my stars include,
What other breasts convert to pain,
My towering mind should soon disdain,
Should scorn—Ingratitude !

Repair this mouldering cell,
And, bless'd with objects found at home,
And envying none their fairer dome,
How pleased my soul should dwell !

Temperance should guard the doors ;
From room to room should Memory stray,
And, ranging all in neat array,
Enjoy her pleasing stores—

There let them rest unknown,
The types of many a pleasing scene ;
But to preserve them bright or clean,
Is thine, fair queen ! alone.

TO A LADY OF QUALITY,

FITTING UP HER LIBRARY. 1738.

Ah ! what is science, what is art,
Or what the pleasure these impart ?
Ye trophies, which the learn'd pursue
Through endless fruitless toils, adieu !

What can the tedious tomes bestow,
To sooth the miseries they show ?
What like the bliss for him decreed
Who tends his flock and tunes his reed ?

Say, wretched Fancy, thus refined
 From all that glads the simplest hind,
 How rare that object which supplies
 A charm for too discerning eyes !

The polish'd bard, of genius vain,
 Endures a deeper sense of pain ;
 As each invading blast devours
 The richest fruits, the fairest flowers.

Sages, with irksome waste of time,
 The steep ascent of knowledge climb ;
 Then, from the towering heights they scale,
 Behold Contentment range—the vale.

Yet why, Asteria, tell us why
 We scorn the crowd, when you are nigh ?
 Why then does Reason seem so fair,
 Why Learning then deserve our care ?

Who can displeased your shelves behold,
 While you so fair a proof unfold,
 What force the brightest genius draws
 From polish'd Wisdom's written laws ?

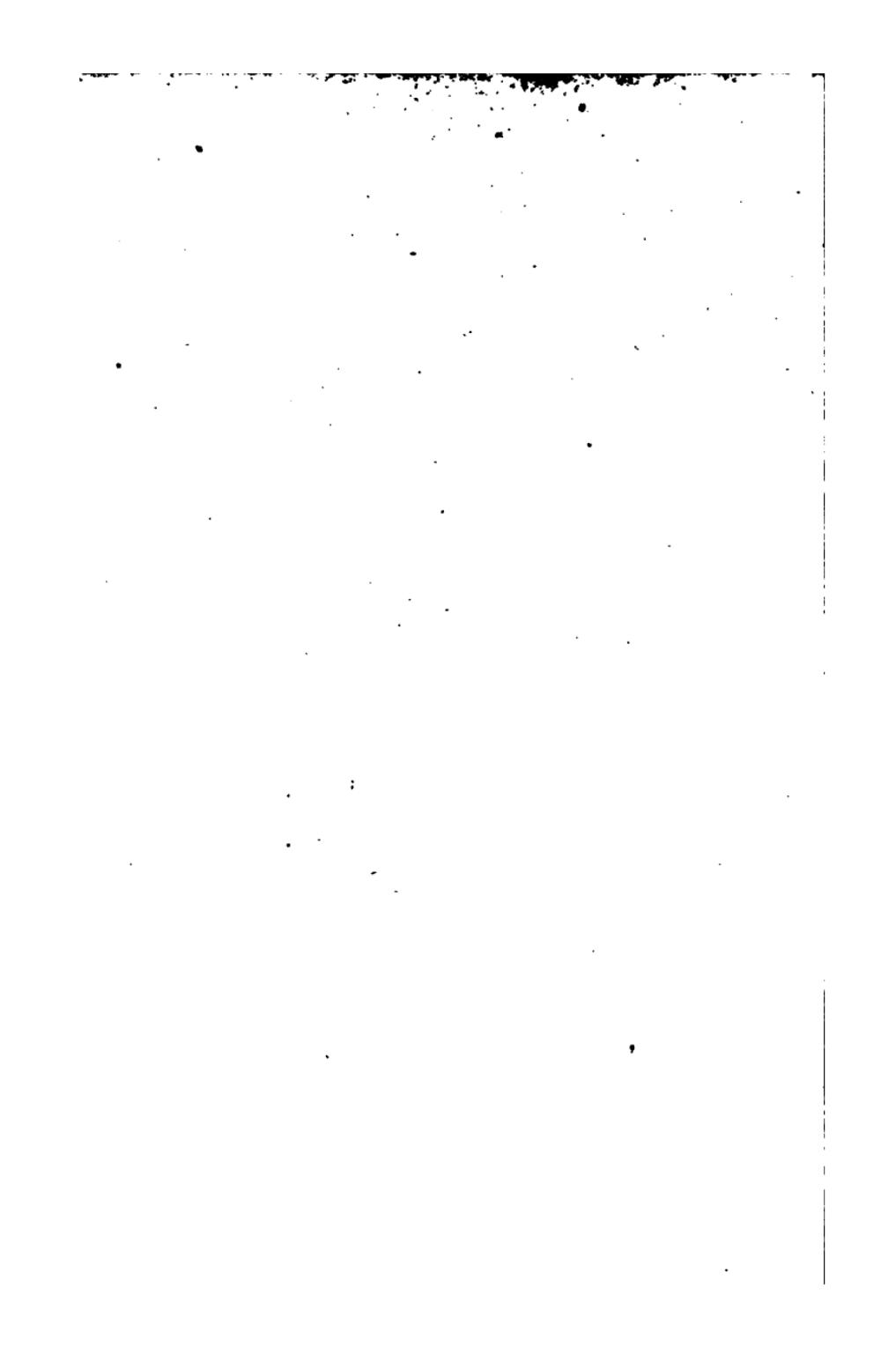
Where are our humbler tenets flown ?
 What strange perfection bids us own,
 That bliss with toilsome Science dwells ;
 And happiest he who most excels ?

ANACREONTIC. 1738.

'TWAS in a cool Aonian glade
 That wanton Cupid, spent with toil,
 Had sought refreshment from the shade,
 And stretch'd him on the mossy soil.



*Published: London, by John Sharpe;
Piccadilly.*



A vagrant Muse drew nigh, and found
The subtle traitor fast asleep ;
‘ And is it thine to snore profound,
(She said) yet leave the world to weep ?

‘ But hush—from this auspicious hour
The world, I ween, may rest in peace ;
And robb’d of darts, and stripp’d of power,
Thy peevish petulance decrease.

‘ Sleep on, poor child ! whilst I withdraw,
And this thy vile artillery hide—
When the Castalian fount she saw,
And plunged his arrows in the tide.

That magic fount—ill-judging maid !
Shall cause you soon to curse the day
You dared the shafts of Love invade,
And gave his arms redoubled sway.

For in a stream so wondrous clear,
When angry Cupid searches round,
Will not the radiant points appear ?
Will not the furtive spoils be found ?

Too soon they were ; and every dart,
Dipp’d in the Muses’ mystic spring,
Acquired new force to wound the heart,
And taught at once to love and sing.

Then farewell, ye Pierian quire !
For who will now your altars throng ?
From Love we learn to swell the lyre,
And Echo asks no sweeter song.

WRITTEN 1739.

Urit spes animi creduli mutui. HOR.
Fond hope of a reciprocal desire
Inflames the breast.

'TWAS not by Beauty's aid alone
That Love usurp'd his airy throne,
 His boasted power display'd ;
'Tis kindness that secures his aim,
'Tis Hope that feeds the kindling flame,
 Which Beauty first convey'd.

In Clara's eyes the lightnings view ;
Her lips with all the rose's hue
 Have all its sweets combined :
Yet vain the blush, and faint the fire,
Till lips at once, and eyes, conspire
 To prove the charmer kind.

Though Wit might gild the tempting snare
With softest accent, sweetest air,
 By Envy's self admired ;
If Lesbia's wit betray'd her scorn,
In vain might every Grace adorn
 What every Muse inspired.

Thus airy Strephon tuned his lyre—
He scorn'd the pangs of wild desire,
 Which love-sick swains endure ;
Resolved to brave the keenest dart,
Since frowns could never wound his heart,
 And smiles—must ever cure.

But, ah ! how false these maxims prove,
How frail security from love,
 Experience hourly shows !
Love can imagined smiles supply,
On every charming lip and eye
 Eternal sweets bestows.

In vain we trust the fair one's eyes ;
In vain the sage explores the skies,
 To learn from stars his fate ;
Till led by Fancy wide astray,
He finds no planet mark his way ;
 Convinced and wise—too late.

As partial to their words we prove,
Then boldly join the lists of Love,
 With towering hopes supplied :
So heroes, taught by doubtful shrines,
Mistook their deity's designs,
 Then took the field—and died.

UPON A

VISIT TO A LADY OF QUALITY,

IN WINTER, 1748.

ON fair Asteria's blissful plains,
Where ever-blooming Fancy reigns,
How pleased we pass the winter's day,
And charm the dull-eyed Spleen away !

No linnet from the leafless bough,
Pours forth her note melodious now ;
But all admire Asteria's tongue,
Nor wish the linnet's vernal song.

No flowers emit their transient rays ;
Yet sure Asteria's wit displays
More various tints, more glowing lines,
And with perennial beauty shines.

Though rifled groves and fetter'd streams
But ill befriend a poet's dreams ;
Asteria's presence wakes the lyre,
And well supplies poetic fire.

The fields have lost their lovely dye,
No cheerful azure decks the sky ;
Yet still we bless the lowering day,
Asteria smiles—and all is gay.

Hence let the Muse no more presume
To blame the winter's dreary gloom,
Accuse his loitering hours no more,
But, ah ! their envious haste deplore.

For soon from Wit and Friendship's reign,
The social hearth, the sprightly vein,
I go—to meet the coming year
On savage plains and deserts drear !

I go—to feed on pleasures flown,
Nor find the spring my loss atone ;
But mid the flowery sweets of May
With pride recall this winter's day.

TO MEMORY. 1748.

O MEMORY ! celestial maid !
Who glean'st the flowerets cropp'd by Time,
And, suffering not a leaf to fade,
Preservest the blossoms of our prime ;
Bring, bring those moments to my mind,
When life was new, and Lesbia kind.

And bring that garland to my sight
With which my favour'd crook she bound ;
And bring that wreath of roses bright
Which then my festive temples crown'd ;
And to my raptured ear convey
The gentle things she deign'd to say.

And sketch with care the Muses' bower,
Where Isis rolls her silver tide,
Nor yet omit one reed or flower
That shines on Cherwell's verdant side ;
If so thou mayst those hours prolong,
When polish'd Lycon join'd my song.

The song it 'vails not to recite—
But, sure, to soothe our youthful dreams,
Those banks and streams appear'd more bright
Than other banks, than other streams ;
Or, by thy softening pencil shown,
Assume they beauties not their own ?

And paint that sweetly-vacant scene,
When, all beneath the poplar bough,
My spirits light, my soul serene,
I breathed in verse one cordial vow,
That nothing should my soul inspire
But Friendship warm and Love entire.

Dull to the sense of new delight,
On thee the drooping Muse attends,
As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
On thy expressive power depends,
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chase those vows away
Which at Ambition's shrine I made,
Nor ever let thy skill display
Those anxious moments, ill repaid :
Oh ! from my breast that season rase,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
And bring the hobby I bestrode,
When pleased, in many a sportive ring
Around the room I jovial rode :
E'en let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and pensive say,
‘ Why did not these enjoyments last ?
How sweetly wasted I the day,
While innocence allow'd to waste !
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
But, ah ! for pleasure yield us pain.’

WRITTEN TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1748.

TO WILLIAM LYTTELTON, ESQ.

How blithely pass'd the summer's day !
How bright was every flower !
While friends arrived, in circles gay,
To visit Damon's bower !

But now, with silent step, I range
Along some lonely shore :
And Damon's bower (alas the change !)
Is gay with friends no more.

Away to crowds and cities borne,
In quest of joy they steer,
Whilst I, alas ! am left forlorn
To weep the parting year !

O pensive Autumn ! how I grieve
Thy sorrowing face to see !
When languid suns are taking leave
Of every drooping tree.

Ah ! let me not, with heavy eye,
This dying scene survey !
Haste, Winter ! haste ; usurp the sky ;
Complete my bower's decay.

Ill can I bear the motley cast
Yon sickening leaves retain,
That speak at once of pleasure past,
And bode approaching pain.

At home unbliss'd, I gaze around,
My distant scenes require,
Where, all in murky vapours drown'd,
Are hamlet, hill, and spire.

Though Thomson, sweet descriptive bard !
Inspiring Autumn sung :
Yet how should he the months regard
That stopp'd his flowing tongue ?

Ah ! luckless months, of all the rest,
To whose hard share it fell !
For sure he was the gentlest breast
That ever sung so well.

And see, the swallows now disown
The roofs they loved before ;
Each, like his tuneful genius, flown
To glad some happier shore.

The wood-nymph eyes, with pale affright,
The sportsman's frantic deed;
While hounds, and horns, and yells, unite
To drown the Muse's reed.

Ye fields ! with blighted herbage brown,
Ye skies ! no longer blue ;
Too much we feel from Fortune's frown
To bear these frowns from you.

Where is the mead's unsullied green ?
The zephyr's balmy gale ?
And where sweet Friendship's cordial mien,
That brighten'd every vale ?

What though the vine disclose her dyes,
And boast her purple store ?
Not all the vineyard's rich supplies
Can sooth our sorrows more.

He ! he is gone, whose moral strain
Could wit and mirth refine ;
He ! he is gone, whose social vein
Surpass'd the power of wine.

Fast by the streams he deign'd to praise,
In yon sequester'd grove,
To him a votive urn I raise,
To him and friendly Love.

Yes, there, my friend ! forlorn and sad,
I grave your Thomson's name ;
And there his lyre, which Fate forbade
To sound your growing fame.

There shall my plaintive song recount
Dark themes of hopeless woe,
And faster than the dropping fount
I'll teach mine eyes to flow.

There leaves, in spite of Autumn, green
 Shall shade the hallow'd ground;
 And Spring will there again be seen,
 To call forth flowers around.

But no kind suns will bid me share,
 Once more, his social hour;
 Ah, Spring! thou never canst repair
 This loss to Damon's bower.

AN IRREGULAR ODE,

After Sickness. 1749.

— Melius, cum venerit ipsa, canemus. VIRG.
 His wish'd-for presence will improve the song.

Too long a stranger to repose,
 At length from Pain's abhorred couch I rose,
 And wander'd forth alone;
 To court once more the balmy breeze,
 And catch the verdure of the trees,
 Ere yet their charms were flown.

Twas from a bank with pansies gay
 I hail'd once more the cheerful day,
 The Sun's forgotten beams :
 O Sun ! how pleasing were thy rays,
 Reflected from the polish'd face
 Of yon resplendent streams !

Raised by the scene, my feeble tongue
 Essay'd again the sweets of song,

And thus in feeble strains, and slow,
The loitering numbers 'gan to flow :

‘ Come, gentle Air ! my languid limbs restore,
And bid me welcome from the Stygian shore ;
For sure I heard the tender sighs,
I seem'd to join the plaintive cries
Of hapless youths, who through the myrtle grove
Bewail for ever their unfinish'd love ;
To that unjoyous clime,
Torn from the sight of these ethereal skies,
Debarr'd the lustre of their Delia's eyes,
And banish'd in their prime.

‘ Come, gentle Air ! and, while the thickets bloom,
Convey the jasmine's breath divine,
Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,
Nor spare the sweet-leaf'd eglantine :
And mayst thou shun the rugged storm
Till Health her wonted charms explain,
With rural pleasure in her train,
To greet me in her fairest form ;
While from this lofty mount I view
The sons of Earth, the vulgar crew,
Anxious for futile gains, beneath me stray,
And seek with erring step Contentment's obvious
way.

‘ Come, gentle Air ! and thou, celestial Muse !
Thy genial flame infuse,
Enough to lend a pensive bosom aid,
And gild Retirement's gloomy shade ;
Enough to rear such rustic lays
As foes may slight, but partial friends will praise.’

The gentle Air allow'd my claim,
 And, more to cheer my drooping frame,
 She mix'd the balm of opening flowers,
 Such as the bee, with chemic powers,
 From Hybla's fragrant hills inhales,
 Or scents Sabæa's blooming vales :
 But, ah ! the nymphs that heal the pensive mind,
 By prescripts more refined,
 Neglect their votary's anxious moan : [flown.
 Oh ! how should they relieve ?—the Muses all were

By flowery plain or woodland shades
 I fondly sought the charming maids ;
 By woodland shades or flowery plain
 I sought them, faithless maids ! in vain :
 When, lo ! in happier hour,
 I leave behind my native mead,
 To range where Zeal and Friendship lead,
 To visit Luxborough's honour'd bower.
 Ah ! foolish man ! to seek the tuneful maids
 On other plains, or near less verdant shades !

Scarce have my footsteps press'd the favour'd .
 When sounds ethereal strike my ear ; [ground,
 At once celestial forms appear ;
 My fugitives are found !
 The Muses here attune their lyres,
 Ah ! partial, with unwonted fires ;
 Here, hand in hand, with careless mien,
 The sportive Graces trip the green.

But whilst I wander'd o'er a scene so fair,
 Too well at one survey I trace
 How every Muse and every Grace
 Had long employ'd their care.

Lurks not a stone enrich'd with lively stain,
 Blooms not a flower amid the vernal store,
 Falls not a plume on India's distant plain,
 Glows not a shell on Adria's rocky shore,
 But torn, methought, from native lands or seas,
 From their arrangement gain fresh power to please.

And some had bent their wildering maze,
 Bedeck'd with every shrub that blows,
 And some entwined the willing sprays,
 To shield the' illustrious dame's repose ;
 Others had graced the sprightly dome,
 And taught the portrait where to glow ;
 Others arranged the curious tome,
 Or mid the decorated space
 Assign'd the laurel'd bust a place,
 And given to learning all the pomp of show :
 And now from every task withdrawn,
 They met and frisk'd it o'er the lawn.

‘ Ah ! woe is me, (said I,
 And ***'s hilly circuit heard my cry)
 Have I for this with labour strove,
 And lavish'd all my little store,
 To fence for you my shady grove,
 And scollop every winding shore,
 And fringe with every purple rose
 The sapphire stream that down my valley flows ?

‘ Ah ! lovely treacherous maids !
 To quit unseen my votive shades,
 When pale Disease and torturing Pain
 Had torn me from the breezy plain,
 And to a restless couch confined,
 Who ne'er your wonted tasks declined.

She needs not your officious aid
 To swell the song, or plan the shade ;
 By genuine Fancy fired,
 Her native genius guides her hand,
 And while she marks the sage command,
 More lovely scenes her skill shall raise,
 Her lyre resound with nobler lays
 Than ever you inspired.'

Thus I my rage and grief display,
 But vainly blame, and vainly mourn,
 Nor will a Grace or Muse return
 Till Luxborough lead the way.

RURAL ELEGANCE.

To the late Duchess of Somerset. 1750.

WHILE orient skies restore the day,
 And dew-drops catch the lucid ray,
 Amid the sprightly scenes of morn
 Will aught the Muse inspire ?
 Oh ! peace to yonder clamorous horn,
 That drowns the sacred lyre !

Ye rural thanes ! that o'er the mossy down
 Some panting timorous hare pursue,
 Does Nature mean your joys alone to crown ?
 Say, does she smooth her lawns for you
 For you does Echo bid the rocks reply, [cry ?
 And, urged by rude constraint, resound the jovial

See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn,
The wretched swain your sport survey ;
He finds his faithful fences torn,
He finds his labour'd crops a prey ;
He sees his flock—no more in circles feed,
Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
And with no random curses loads the deed.

Nor yet, ye swains ! conclude
That Nature smiles for you alone ;
Your bounded souls and your conceptions crude,
The proud, the selfish boast disown :
Yours be the produce of the soil ;
O may it still reward your toil !
Nor ever the defenceless train
Of clinging infants ask support in vain !

But though the various harvest gild your plains,
Does the mere landscape feast your eye ?
Or the warm hope of distant gains
Far other cause of glee supply ?
Is not the red-streak's future juice
The source of your delight profound,
Where Ariconium pours her gems profuse,
Purpling a whole horizon round ?
Athirst, ye praise the limpid stream, 'tis true ;
But though, the pebbled shores among,
It mimic no unpleasing song,
The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleased, ye see the thickets bloom,
Unpleased, the Spring her flowery robe resume ;
Unmoved, the mountain's airy pile,
The dappled mead without a smile.

O let a rural conscious Muse,
For well she knows, your foward sense accuse:
Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,
And span the massy trunk before you cry—'Tis fair.

Nor yet, ye learn'd ! nor yet, ye courtly train !
If haply from your haunts ye stray
To waste us with a Summer's day,
Exclude the taste of every swain,
Nor our untutor'd sense disdain :
Tis Nature only gives exclusive right
To relish her supreme delight :
She, where she pleases, kind or coy,
Who furnishes the scene, and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
By her auspicious aid refined :
Lo ! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
Or humble harebell paints the plain,
Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
Or purple heath is tinged in vain :
For such the rivers dash the foaming tides,
The mountain swells, the dale subsides ;
E'en thriftless furze detains their wandering
sight, [delight.

And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with
With what suspicious fearful care
The sordid wretch secures his claim,
If haply some luxurious heir [name !
Should alienate the fields that wear his
What scruples lest some future birth
Should litigate a span of earth ! [prose,
Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unmeet for
The towering Muse endures not to disclose :

Alas ! her unreversed decree,
 More comprehensive and more free,
 Her lavish charter, taste, appropriates all we see.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
 And be the solemn day enroll'd,
 When, to confirm his lofty plea,
 In nuptial sort, with bridal gold,
 The grave Venetian weds the Sea :
 Each laughing Muse derides the vow ;
 E'en Adria scorns the mock embrace,
 To some lone hermit on the mountain's brow,
 Allotted, from his natal hour,
 With all her myrtle shores in dower.
 His breast, to admiration prone,
 Enjoys the smile upon her face,
 Enjoys triumphant every grace,
 And finds her more his own.

Fatigued with Form's oppressive laws,
 When Somerset avoids the great,
 When cloy'd with merited applause,
 She seeks the rural calm retreat ;
 Does she not praise each mossy cell,
 And feel the truth my numbers tell ?
 When, deafen'd by the loud acclaim
 Which Genius graced with rank obtains,
 Could she not more delighted hear
 Yon throstle chant the rising year ?
 Could she not spurn the wreaths of fame,
 To crop the primrose of the plains ?
 Does she not sweets in each fair valley find ,
 Lost to the sons of Power, unknown to half
 mankind ?

Ah ! can she covet there to see
The splendid slaves, the reptile race,
That oil the tongue and bow the knee,
That slight her merit, but adore her place ?
Far happier, if aright I deem,
When from gay throngs and gilded spires,
To where the lonely halcyons play,
Her philosophic step retires ;
While, studious of the moral theme,
She to some smooth sequester'd stream
Likens the swains inglorious day,
Pleased from the flowery margin to survey
How cool, serene, and clear, the current glides
away.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind,
Who slight the sweetly pensive mind !
On whose fair birth the Graces mild,
And every Muse prophetic smiled.
Not that the poet's boasted fire
Should Fame's wide-echoing trumpet swell,
Or on the music of his lyre
Each future age with rapture dwell ;
The vaunted sweets of praise remove,
Yet shall such bosoms claim a part
In all that glads the human heart ;
Yet these the spirits form'd to judge and prove
All Nature's charms immense, and Heaven's un-
bounded love.

And, oh ! the transport most allied to song,
In some fair villa's peaceful bound,
To catch soft hints from Nature's tongue,
And bid Arcadia bloom around ;

Whether we fringe the sloping hill,
 Or smooth below the verdant mead ;
 Whether we break the falling rill,
 Or through meandering mazes lead ;
 Or in the horrid bramble's room
 Bid careless groups of roses bloom,
 Or let some shelter'd lake serene
 Reflect flowers, woods, and spires, and brighten
 all the scene.

O sweet disposal of the rural hour !
 O beauties never known to cloy ! [bower,
 While Worth and Genius haunt the favour'd
 And every gentle breast partakes the joy ;
 While Charity at eve surveys the swain,
 Enabled by these toils to cheer
 A train of helpless infants dear,
 Speed whistling home across the plain ;
 See vagrant Luxury, her handmaid grown,
 For half her graceless deeds atone, [her own.
 And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with

Why brand these pleasures with the name
 Of soft unsocial toils, of indolence and shame ?
 Search but the garden or the wood,
 Let yon admired carnation own
 Not all was meant for raiment or for food,
 Not all for needful use alone ;
 There, while the seeds of future blossoms dwell,
 'Tis colour'd for the sight, perfumed to please the
 smell.

Why knows the nightingale to sing ?
 Why flows the pine's nectareous juice ?
 Why shines with paint the linnet's wing ?
 For sustenance alone ? for use ?

For preservation ? Every sphere
 Shall bid fair Pleasure's rightful claim appear ;
 And sure there seem of humankind
 Some born to shun the solemn strife ;
 Some for amusive tasks design'd,
 To sooth the certain ills of life ;
 Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,
 New founts of bliss disclose,
 Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate re-
 pose.

From plains and woodlands, from the view
 Of rural Nature's blooming face,
 Smit with the glare of rapk and place,
 To courts the sons of Fancy flew ;
 There long had Art ordain'd a rival seat,
 There had she lavish'd all her care,
 To form a scene more dazzling fair,
 And call'd them from their green retreat,
 To share her proud control ;
 Had given the robe with grace to flow,
 Had taught exotic gems to glow ;
 And, emulous of Nature's power,
 Mimic'd the plume, the leaf, the flower ;
 Changed the complexion's native hue,
 Moulded each rustic limb anew,
 And warp'd the very soul.

A while her magic strikes the novel eye,
 A while the fairy forms delight ;
 And now aloof we seem to fly
 On purple pinions through a purer sky,
 Where all is wondrous, all is bright :

Now, landed on some spangled shore,
 A while each dazzled maniac roves,
 By sapphire lakes through emerald groves:
 Paternal acres please no more;
 Adieu! the simple, the sincere delight—
 The habitual scene of hill and dale,
 The rural herds, the vernal gale,
 The tangled vetch's purple bloom,
 The fragrance of the bean's perfume,
 Be theirs alone who cultivate the soil,
 And drink the cup of thirst, and eat the bread of toil.

But soon the pageant fades away!
 'Tis Nature only bears perpetual sway.
 We pierce the counterfeit delight,
 Fatigued with Splendour's irksome beams
 Fancy again demands the sight
 Of native groves and wonted streams;
 Pants for the scenes that charm'd her youthful
 eyes, [Disguise.
 Where Truth maintains her court, and banishes

Then hither oft, ye senators! retire;
 With Nature here high converse hold;
 For who like Stamford her delights admire,
 Like Stamford shall with scorn behold
 The unequal bribes of pageantry and gold;
 Beneath the British oak's majestic shade
 Shall see fair Truth, immortal maid!
 Friendship in artless guise array'd,
 Honour and moral beauty shine
 With more attractive charms, with radiance more
 divine.

Yes, here alone did highest Heaven ordain
The lasting magazine of charms,
Whatever wins, whatever warms,
Whatever fancy seeks to share,
The great, the various, and the fair,
For ever should remain !

Her impulse nothing may restrain—
Or whence the joy mid columns, towers,
Midst all the city's artful trim,
To rear some breathless vapid flowers,
Or shrubs fuliginously grim ?
From rooms of silken foliage vain,
To trace the dun far-distant grove,
Where, smit with undissembled pain,
The woodlark mourns her absent love,
Borne to the dusty town from native air,
To mimic rural life, and sooth some vapour'd fair ?

But how must faithless Art prevail,
Should all who taste our joy sincere,
To virtue, truth, or science, dear,
Forego a court's alluring pale
For dimpled brook and leafy grove,
For that rich luxury of thought they love !
Ah, no ! from these the public sphere requires
Example for its giddy bands ;
From these impartial Heaven demands
To spread the flame itself inspires ;
To sift Opinion's mingled mass,
Impress a nation's taste, and bid the sterling pass.

Happy, thrice happy they,
Whose graceful deeds have exemplary shone
Round the gay precincts of a throne

With mild effective beams !
 Who bands of fair ideas bring,
 By solemn grot or shady spring,
 To join their pleasing dreams !
 Theirs is the rural bliss without alloy ;
 They only that deserve, enjoy.

What though nor fabled Dryad haunt their grove,
 Nor Naiad near their fountains rove ?
 Yet all embodied to the mental sight,
 A train of smiling Virtues bright
 Shall there the wise retreat allow, [brow.
 Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wanderer's

And though, by faithless friends alarm'd,
 Art have with Nature waged presumptuous war,
 By Seymour's winning influence charm'd,
 In whom their gifts united shine,
 No longer shall their councils jar.
 'Tis hers to mediate the peace ;
 Near Percy Lodge, with awe-struck mien,
 The rebel seeks her lawful queen,
 And havoc and contention cease.
 I see the rival powers combine,
 And aid each other's fair design ;
 Nature exalt the mound where Art shall build,
 Art shape the gay alcove, while Nature paints
 the field.

Begin, ye songsters of the grove !
 O warble forth your noblest lay ;
 Where Somerset vouchsafes to rove,
 Ye leverets ! freely sport and play.
 —Peace to the strepent horn !
 Let no harsh dissonance disturb the morn,

No sounds inelegant and rude
 Her sacred solitudes profane,
 Unless her candour not exclude
 The lowly shepherd's votive strain,
 Who tunes his reed amidst his rural cheer,
 Fearful, yet not averse, that Somerset should hear.

TO INDOLENCE.

1750.

Ah ! why for ever on the wing
 Persists my wearied soul to roam ?
 Why, ever cheated, strives to bring
 Or pleasure or contentment home ?
 Thus the poor bird that draws his name
 From Paradise's honour'd groves,
 Careless fatigues his little frame,
 Nor finds the resting place he loves.
 Lo ! on the rural mossy bed
 My limbs with careless ease reclined ;
 Ah, gentle Sloth ! indulgent spread
 The same soft bandage o'er my mind.
 For why should lingering thought invade,
 Yet every worldly prospect cloy ?
 Lend me, soft Sloth ! thy friendly aid,
 And give me peace, debarr'd of joy.
 Lovest thou yon calm and silent flood,
 That never ebbs, that never flows,
 Protected by the circling wood
 From each tempestuous wind that blows ?

An altar on its bank shall rise,
 Where oft thy votary shall be found ;
 What time pale Autumn lulls the skies,
 And sickening verdure fades around.

Ye busy race ! ye factious train !
 That haunt Ambition's guilty shrine,
 No more perplex the world in vain,
 But offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puissant queen ! be kind :
 If e'er I shared thy balmy power,
 If e'er I sway'd my active mind
 To weave for thee the rural bower :

Dissolve in sleep each anxious care,
 Each unavailing sigh remove ;
 And only let me wake to share
 The sweets of friendship and of love.



TO A YOUNG LADY,

SOMEWHAT TOO SOLICITOUS ABOUT HER MANNER OF
 EXPRESSION.

SURVEY, my fair ! that lucid stream
 Adown the smiling valley stray ;
 Would Art attempt, or Fancy dream,
 To regulate its winding way ?

So pleased I view thy shining hair
 In loose dishevel'd ringlets flow ;
 Not all thy art, not all thy care,
 Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey again that verdant hill,
With native plants enamel'd o'er;
Say, can the painter's utmost skill
Instruct one flower to please us more?

As vain it were, with artful dye,
To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose;
And, oh! may Laura, ere she try,
With fresh vermillion paint the rose.

Hark how the woodlark's tuneful throat
Can every studied grace excel;
Let Art constrain the rambling note,
And will she, Laura, please so well?

Oh! ever keep thy native ease,
By no pedantic law confined;
For Laura's voice is form'd to please,
So Laura's words be not unkind.

WRITTEN IN A FLOWER BOOK

OF MY OWN COLOURING,

Designed for Lady Plymouth. 1753-4.

Debitæ nymphis opifex corone.

Hor.

Constructor of the tributary wreath
For rural maids.

BRING, Flora, bring thy treasures here,
The pride of all the blooming year,
And let me thence a garland frame
To crown this fair, this peerless, dame !

But, ah ! since envious Winter lowers,
And Hewell meads resign their flowers,
Let Art and Friendship's joint essay
Diffuse their flowerets in her way.

Not Nature can herself prepare
A worthy wreath for Lesbia's hair,
Whose temper, like her forehead, smooth,
Whose thoughts and accents form'd to sooth,
Whose pleasing mien, and make refined,
Whose artless breast, and polish'd mind,
From all the nymphs of plain or grove
Deserved and won my Plymouth's love !

THE DYING KID.

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
 Prima fugit ————— VIRG.

Ah ! wretched mortals we !—our brightest days
 On fleetest pinion fly.

A TEAR bedews my Delia's eye,
 To think yon playful kid must die ;
 From crystal spring and flowery mead
 Must in his prime of life recede !

Erewhile, in sportive circles round
 She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound ;
 From rock to rock pursue his way,
 And on the fearful margin play.

Pleased on his various freaks to dwell,
 She saw him climb my rustic cell,
 Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
 And seem all ravish'd at the sight.

She tells, with what delight he stood
 To trace his features in the flood,
 Then skipp'd aloof with quaint amaze,
 And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me, how with eager speed
 He flew to hear my vocal reed ;
 And how, with critic face profound
 And steadfast ear, devour'd the sound.

His every frolic, light as air,
Deserves the gentle Delia's care,
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid must die.

But knows my Delia, timely wise,
How soon this blameless æra flies ?
While violence and craft succeed,
Unfair design, and ruthless deed !

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more ;
Ah ! soon erased from every grove
Were Delia's name and Strephon's love.

No more those bowers might Strephon see,
Where first he fondly gazed on thee :
No more those beds of flowerets find,
Which for thy charming brows he twined.

Each wayward passion soon would tear
His bosom, now so void of care ;
And when they left his ebbing vein,
What but insipid age remain ?

Then mourn not the decrees of Fate,
That gave his life so short a date ;
And I will join my tenderest sighs,
To think that youth so swiftly flies !

ODE.

So dear my Lucio is to me,
 So well our minds and tempers blend,
 That seasons may for ever flee,
 And ne'er divide me from my friend ;
 But let the favour'd boy forbear
 To tempt with love my only fair.

O Lucio ! born when every Muse,
 When every Grace, benignant smiled,
 With all a parent's breast could choose
 To bless her loved, her only child ;
 'Tis thine, so richly graced, to prove
 More noble cares than cares of love.

Together we from early youth
 Have trod the flowery tracks of time,
 Together mused in search of truth,
 O'er learned sage or bard sublime ;
 And well thy cultured breast I know,
 What wondrous treasure it can show.

Come, then, resume thy charming lyre,
 And sing some patriot's worth sublime,
 Whilst I in fields of soft desire
 Consume my fair and fruitless prime ;
 Whose reed aspires but to display
 The flame that burns me night and day.

O come ! the Dryads of the woods
 Shall daily sooth thy studious mind,
 The blue-eyed nymphs of yonder floods
 Shall meet and court thee to be kind ;
 And Fame sits listening for thy lays,
 To swell her trump with Lucio's praise.

Like me, the plover fondly tries
To lure the sportsman from her nest,
And fluttering on with anxious cries,
Too plainly shows her tortured breast ;
O let him, conscious of her care,
Pity her pains, and learn to spare.

A PASTORAL ODE.

TO THE HONOURABLE SIR RICHARD LYTTELTON.

THE morn dispensed a dubious light,
A sullen mist had stolen from sight
Each pleasing vale and hill,
When Damon left his humble bowers
To guard his flocks, to fence his flowers,
Or check his wandering rill.

Though school'd from Fortune's paths to fly,
The swain beneath each lowering sky
Would oft his fate bemoan,
That he, in silvan shades forlorn,
Must waste his cheerless even and morn,
Nor praised, nor loved, nor known.

No friend to Fame's obstreperous noise,
Yet to the whispers of her voice,
Soft murmuring, not a foe ;
The pleasures he through choice declined,
When gloomy fogs depress'd his mind,
It grieved him to forego.

Grieved him to lurk the lakes beside,
Where coots in rushy dingles hide,
And moorcocks shun the day ;
While caitiff bitterns, undismay'd,
Remark the swain's familiar shade,
And scorn to quit their prey.

But see the radiant Sun once more
The brightening face of Heaven restore,
And raise the doubtful dawn ;
And more to gild his rural sphere,
At once the brightest train appear
That ever trod the lawn.

Amazement chill'd the shepherd's frame,
To think Bridgewater's¹ honour'd name
Should grace his rustic cell ;
That she, on all whose motions wait
Distinction, titles, rank, and state,
Should rove where shepherds dwell.

But true it is, the generous mind,
By candour sway'd, by taste refined,
Will nought but vice disdain ;
Nor will the breast, where fancy glows,
Deem every flower a weed that blows
Amid the desert plain.

Beseems it such, with honour crown'd,
To deal its lucid beams around,
Nor equal need receive ;
At most such garlands from the field,
As cowslips, pinks, and pansies yield,
And rural hands can weave.

¹ The Duchess of Bridgewater, married to Sir Richard Lyttelton.

Yet strive, ye shepherds! strive to find,
And weave the fairest of the kind,
 The prime of all the spring,
If haply thus yon lovely fair
May round her temples deign to wear
 The trivial wreaths you bring.

O how the peaceful halcyons play'd,
Where'er the conscious lake betray'd
 Athenia's placid mien!
How did the sprightlier linnets throng,
Where Paphia's charms required the song,
 Mid hazel copses green!

Lo, Dartmouth on those banks reclined,
While busy Fancy calls to mind
 The glories of his line!
Methinks my cottage rears its head,
The ruin'd walls of yonder shed,
 As through enchantment, shine.

But who the nymph that guides their way?
Could ever nymph descend to stray
 From Hagley's famed retreat?
Else by the blooming features fair,
The faultless make, the matchless air,
 'Twere Cynthia's form complete.

So would some tuberose delight,
That struck the pilgrim's wondering sight
 Mid lonely deserts drear,
All as at eve the sovereign flower
Dispenses round its balmy power,
 And crowns the fragrant year.

Ah ! now no more, the shepherd cried,
Must I Ambition's charms deride,
 Her subtle force disown ;
No more of fauns or fairies dream,
While Fancy, near each crystal stream,
 Shall paint these forms alone.

By low-brow'd rock or pathless mead,
I deem'd that splendour ne'er should lead
 My dazzled eyes astray ;
But who, alas ! will dare contend,
If beauty add, or merit blend
 Its more illustrious ray ?

Nor is it long—O plaintive swain !
Since Guernsey saw, without disdain,
 Where, hid in woodlands green,
The partner of his early days²,
And once the rival of his praise,
 Had stolen through life unseen.

Scarce faded is the vernal flower,
Since Stamford left his honour'd bower
 To smile familiar here :
O form'd by Nature to disclose
How fair that courtesy which flows
 From social warmth sincere !

Nor yet have many moons decay'd
Since Pollio sought this lonely shade,
 Admired this rural maze :
The noblest breast that Virtue fires,
The Graces love, the Muse inspires,
 Might pant for Pollio's praise.

² They were school-fellows.

Say, Thomson here was known to rest ;
For him yon vernal seat I dress'd,
Ah ! never to return !
In place of wit and melting strains,
And social mirth, it now remains
To weep beside his urn.

Come then, my Lelius ! come once more,
And fringe the melancholy shore
With roses and with bays,
While I each wayward Fate accuse,
That envied his impartial Muse,
To sing your early praise.

While Philo, to whose favour'd sight
Antiquity, with full delight,
Her inmost wealth displays ;
Beneath yon ruin's moulder'd wall
Shall muse, and with his friend recall
The pomp of ancient days.

Here too shall Conway's name appear,
He praised the stream so lovely clear,
That shone the reeds among ;
Yet clearness could it not disclose,
To match the rhetoric that flows
From Conway's polish'd tongue.

E'en Pitt, whose fervent periods roll
Resistless through the kindling soul
Of senates, councils, kings !
Though form'd for courts, vouchsafed to rove,
Inglorious, through the shepherd's grove,
And ope his bashful springs,

But what can courts discover more
Than these rude haunts have seen before,
Each fount and shady tree ?
Have not these trees and fountains seen
The pride of courts, the winning mien
Of peerless Aylesbury ?

And Grenville, she whose radiant eyes
Have mark'd by slow gradation rise
The princely piles of Stow ;
Yet praised these unembellish'd woods,
And smiled to see the babbling floods
Through self-worn mazes flow.

Say Dartmouth, who your banks admired,
Again beneath your caves retired,
Shall grace the pensive shade ;
With all the bloom, with all the truth,
With all the sprightliness of youth,
By cool reflection sway'd ?

Brave, yet humane, shall Smith appear ;
Ye sailors ! though his name be dear,
Think him not yours alone :
Grant him in other spheres to charm ;
The shepherds' breasts though mild are warm,
And ours are all his own.

O Lyttelton ! my honour'd guest,
Could I describe thy generous breast,
Thy firm, yet polish'd mind ;
How public love adorns thy name,
How Fortune too conspires with Fame,
The song should please mankind.

TO CYNTHIA,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now in the cowslip's dewy cell
The Fairies make their bed,
They hover round the crystal well,
The turf in circles tread.

The lovely linnet now her song
Tunes sweetest in the wood;
The twittering swallow skims along
The azure liquid flood.

The morning breeze wafts Flora's kiss
In fragrance to the sense;
The happy shepherd feels the bliss,
And she takes no offence.

But not the linnet's sweetest song
That ever fill'd the wood;
Or twittering swallow that along
The azure liquid flood,

Skims swiftly, harbinger of Spring,
Or Morning's sweetest breath,
Or Flora's kiss, to me can bring
A remedy for death.

For death!—what do I say? Yes, death
Must surely end my days,
If cruel Cynthia slights my faith,
And will not hear my lays.

No more with festive garlands bound,
I at the wake shall be;
No more my feet shall press the ground
In dance with wonted glee;

No more my little flock I'll keep ;
To some dark cave I'll fly ;
I've nothing now to do but weep,
To mourn my fate, and sigh.

Ah ! Cynthia, thy Damon's cries
Are heard at dead of night ;
But they, alas ! are doom'd to rise
Like smoke upon the sight.

They rise in vain, ah me ! in vain
Are scatter'd in the wind ;
Cynthia does not know the pain
That rankles in my mind.

If sleep perhaps my eyelids close,
'Tis but to dream of you ;
A while I cease to feel my woes,
Nay, think I'm happy too.

I think I press with kisses pure
Your lovely rosy lips ;
And you're my bride, I think I'm sure,
Till gold the mountain tips.

When waked, aghast I look around,
And find my charmer flown
Then bleeds afresh my galling wound,
While I am left alone.

Take pity then, O gentlest maid !
On thy poor Damon's heart :
Remember what I've often said—
'Tis you can cure my smart.

TO A LADY,

WITH SOME COLOURED PATTERNS OF FLOWERS.

OCTOBER 7, 1736.

MADAM!

THOUGH rude the draughts, though artless seem the
lines

From one unskill'd in verse, or in designs ;
Oft has good-nature been the fool's defence,
And honest meaning gilded want of sense.

Fear not, though flowers and beauty grace my
To praise one fair, another shall decay. [lay,
No lily, bright with painted foliage, here,
Shall only languish when Selinda's near :
A fate reversed no smiling rose shall know,
Nor with reflected lustre doubly glow.
Praises which languish when apply'd to you,
Where flattering schemes seem obviously true.

Yet sure your sex is near to flowers ally'd,
Alike in softness, and alike in pride :
Foes to retreat, and ever fond to shine,
Both rush to danger, and the shades decline ;
Exposed, the short-lived pageants of a day,
To painted flies or glittering fops a prey :
Changed with each wind, nor one short day the
same,
Each clouded sky affects their tender frame.
In glaring Chloe's manlike taste and mien,
Are the gross splendours of the tulip seen :
Distant they strike, inelegantly gay,
To the near view no pleasing charms display.

To form the nymph, a vulgar wit must join,
As coarser soils will most the flower refine.
Ophelia's beauties let the jasmine paint,
Too faintly soft, too nicely elegant.
Around with seeming sanctity endued,
The passion-flower may best express the prude.
Like the gay rose, too rigid Silvia shines,
While, like its guardian thorn, her virtue joins—
Happy the nymph! from all their failures free,
Happy the nymph! in whom their charms agree.

Faint these productions, till you bid disclose,
The pink new splendours, and fresh tints the rose:
And yet condemn not trivial thoughts like these,
Form'd to improve, and make e'en trifles please.
A power like your minuter beauties warms,
And yet can blast the most aspiring charms:
Thus, at the rays whence other objects shine,
The taper sickens, and its flames decline.
When by your art the purple violet lives,
And the pale lily sprightlier charms receives:
Garters to me shall glow inferior far,
And with less pleasing lustre shine the star.

Let serious triflers, fond of wealth or fame,
On toils like these bestow too soft a name;
Each gentler art with wise indifference view,
And scorn one trifle, millions to pursue:
More artful, I their specious schemes deride:
Fond to please you, by you in these employ'd;
A nobler task, or more sublime desire,
Ambition ne'er could form, nor pride inspire:

The sweets of tranquil life and rural ease
Amuse securely, nor less justly please.
Where gentle Pleasure shows her milder power,
Or blooms in fruit, or sparkles in the flower;

Smiles in the groves, the raptured poet's theme ;
Flows in the brook, his Naiad of the stream ;
Dawns with each happier stroke the pencil gives,
And, in each livelier image, smiling lives ;
Is heard, when Silvia strikes the warbling strings,
Selinda speaks, or Philomela sings :
Breathes with the morn ; attends, propitious maid,
The evening ramble, and the noonday glade ;
Some visionary fair she cheats our view,
Then only vigorous, when she 's seen like you.
Yet Nature some for sprightlier joys design'd,
For brighter scenes, with nicer care, refined.
When the gay jewel radiant streams supplies,
And vivid brilliants meet your brighter eyes ;
When dress and pomp around the fancy play,
By Fortune's dazzling beauties borne away :
When theatres for you the scenes forego,
And the box bows, obsequiously low :
How dull the plan which Indolence has drawn,
The mossy grotto, or the flowery lawn !
Though roseate scents in every wind exhale,
And silvan warblers charm in every gale.

Of these be hers the choice, whom all approve ;
And whom, but those who envy, all must love :
By Nature model'd, by Experience taught,
To know and pity every female fault :
Pleased e'en to hear her sex's virtues shown,
And blind to none's perfections but her own :
Whilst, humble fair ! of those too few she knows,
Yet owns too many for the world's repose :
From Wit's wild petulance serenely free,
Yet bless'd in all that Nature can decree.
Not like a fire, which, whilst it burns, alarms ;
A modest flame, that gently shines and warms :

Whose mind, in every light, can charms display,
With Wisdom serious, and with Humour gay :
Just as her eyes in each bright posture warm,
And fiercely strike, or languishingly charm :
Such are your honours—mention'd to your cost,
Those least can hear them, who deserve them most :
Yet ah ! forgive—the less inventive Muse,
If e'er she sing, a copious theme must choose.

LOVE AND MUSIC.

WRITTEN AT OXFORD, WHEN YOUNG.

SHALL Love alone for ever claim
An universal right to Fame,
An undisputed sway ?
Or has not Music equal charms,
To fill the breast with strange alarms,
And make the world obey ?

The Thracian bard, as poets tell,
Could mitigate the powers of Hell ;
E'en Pluto's nicer ear :
His arts, no more than Love's, we find,
To deities or men confined,
Drew brutes in crowds to hear.

Whatever favourite passion reign'd,
The poet still his right maintain'd.
O'er all that ranged the plain ;
The fiercer tyrants could assuage,
Or fire the timorous into rage,
Whene'er he changed the strain.

In milder lays the bard began :
Soft notes through every finger ran,
And echoing charm'd the place :
See ! fawning lions gaze around,
And, taught to quit their savage sound,
Assume a gentler grace.

When Cymon view'd the fair one's charms,
Her ruby lips and snowy arms,
And told her beauties o'er ;
When Love reform'd his awkward tone,
And made each clownish gesture known,
It show'd but equal power.

The bard now tries a sprightlier sound,
When all the feather'd race around
Perceive the varied strains ;
The soaring lark the note pursues,
The timorous dove around him coos,
And Philomel complains.

An equal power of Love I 've seen
Incite the deer to scour the green,
And chase his barking foe.
Sometimes has Love, with greater might,
To challenge—nay, sometimes to fight,
Provoked the' enamour'd beau.

When Sylvia treads the smiling plain,
How glows the heart of every swain,
By pleasing tumults toss'd !
When Handel's solemn accents roll,
Each breast is fired, each raptured soul
In sweet confusion lost.

If she her melting glances dart,
Or he his dying airs impart,

Our spirits sink away.
 Enough, enough ! dear nymph, give o'er ;
 And thou, great artist ! urge no more
 Thy unresisted sway.

Thus Love or Sound affects the mind :
 But when their various powers are join'd,
 Fly, daring mortal, fly !
 For when Selinda's charms appear,
 And I her tuneful accents hear—
 I burn, I faint, I die !

COMPARISON.

'Tis by comparison we know
 On every object to bestow
 Its proper share of praise :
 Did each alike perfection bear,
 What beauty, though divinely fair,
 Could admiration raise ?

Amidst the lucid bands of night,
 See, Hesperus, serenely bright,
 Adorns the distant skies ;
 But languishes amidst the blaze
 Of sprightly Sol's meridian rays,—
 Or Sylvia's brighter dyes.

Whene'er the nightingale complains,
 I like the melancholy strains,
 And praise the tuneful bird :
 But vainly might she strain her throat,
 Vainly exalt each swelling note,
 Should Sylvia's voice be heard.

When, on the violet's purple bed,
Supine I rest my weary head,
The fragrant pillow charms :
Yet soon such languid bliss I'd fly,
Would Sylvia but the loss supply,
And take me to her arms.

The alabaster's wondrous white,
The marble's polish strikes my sight,
When Sylvia is not seen :
But ah ! how faint that white is grown,
How rough appears the polish'd stone,
Compared with Sylvia's mien !

The rose, that o'er the Cyprian plains,
With flowers enamel'd, blooming reigns
With undisputed power,
Placed near her cheek's celestial red,
(Its purple lost, its lustre fled)
Delights the sense no more.

CUPID AND PLUTUS.

WHEN Celia, Love's eternal foe,
To rich old Gomez first was married,
And angry Cupid came to know
His shafts had err'd, his bow miscarried ;

He sigh'd, he wept, he hung his head,
On the cold ground, full sad, he laid him ;
When Plutus, there by Fortune led,
In this desponding plight survey'd him.

- ‘ And sure, (he cried) you ’ll own at last
Your boasted power by mine exceeded :
Say, wretched boy, now all is pass’d,
How little she your efforts heeded.
- ‘ If with success you would assail,
Gild, youngster, doubly gild your arrows :
Little the feather’d shafts avail,
Though wing’d from Mamma’s doves and sparrows.
- ‘ What though each reed, each arrow grew
Where Venus bathed herself ; depend on ’t,
’Twere more for use, for beauty too,
A diamond sparkled at the end on ’t.’
- ‘ Peace, Plutus, peace !—(the boy replied)
Were not my arts by yours infested,
I could each other power deride,
And rule this circle unmolested.
- ‘ See yonder pair ! no worldly views
In Chloe’s generous breast resided :
Love bade her the spruce valet choose,
And she by potent Love was guided.
- ‘ For this she quits her golden dreams,
In her gilt coach no more she ranges :
And her rich crimson, bright with gems,
For cheeks impearl’d with tears she changes.
- ‘ Though sordid Celia own’d your power,
Think not so monstrous my disgrace is :
You gain’d this nymph—that very hour
I gain’d a score in different places.’

EPILOGUE

TO

DODSLEY'S TRAGEDY OF CLEONE.

1758.

WELL, Ladies—so much for the tragic style—
 And now the custom is to make you smile.
 ‘To make us smile!—(methinks I hear you say)
 Why, who can help it, at so strange a play?
 The captain gone three years!—and then to blame
 The faultless conduct of his virtuous dame!
 My stars!—what gentle belle would think it
 treason,
 When thus provoked, to give the brute some reason?
 “Out of my house!—this night, (forsooth) depart!”
 A modern wife had said—“With all my heart—
 But think not, haughty Sir! I’ll go alone;
 Order your coach—conduct me safe to town—
 Give me my jewels, wardrobe, and my maid—
 And, pray, take care my pin-money be paid.”
 Such is the language of each modish fair;
 Yet memoirs, not of modern growth, declare
 The time has been when modesty and truth
 Were deem’d additions to the charms of youth;
 When women hid their necks, and veil’d their faces,
 Nor romp’d, nor raked, nor stared, at public places,
 Nor took the airs of Amazons for graces:
 Then plain domestic virtues were the mode,
 And wives ne’er dream’d of happiness abroad;

They loved their children, learn'd no flaunting airs,
But with the joys of wedlock mix'd the cares.
Those times are pass'd—yet sure they merit praise,
For marriage triumph'd in those golden days;
By chaste decorum they affection gain'd;
By faith and fondness, what they won, maintain'd.

'Tis yours, ye fair ! to bring those days again,
And form anew the hearts of thoughtless men;
Make beauty's lustre amiable as bright,
And give the soul as well as sense delight;
Reclaim from folly a fantastic age,
That scorns the press, the pulpit, and the stage.
Let truth and tenderness your breasts adorn,
The marriage-chain with transport shall be worn ;
Each blooming virgin, raised into a bride,
Shall double all their joys, their cares divide;
Alleviate grief, compose the jars of strife,
And pour the balm that sweetens human life.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

A PASTORAL BALLAD,

In four Parts.

1733.

Arbusta humilesque myricæ.

VIRG.

Groves and lowly shrubs.

I. ABSENCE.

YE shepherds! so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I;—
I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:—
I have bade my dear Phillis farewell.

Since Phillis vouchsafed me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine ;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I prized every hour that went by
Beyond all that had pleased me before ;
But now they are pass'd, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I prized them no more.

But why do I languish in vain ?
Why wander thus pensively here ?
Oh ! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear ?
They tell me my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown ;
Alas ! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forced the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart !
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gazed as I slowly withdrew ;
My path I could hardly discern :
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far-distant shrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine ;
Thus widely removed from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe ;
Soft Hope is the relic I bear,
And my solace wherever I go,

II. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow ;
My fountains, all border'd with moss,
Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound ;
Not a beech's more beautiful green
But a sweetbriar entwines it around :
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold ;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have labour'd to rear ;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay !
Already it calls for my love
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow !
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow !

And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed:
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold,
How that pity was due to—a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of Love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmoved when her Corydon sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phillida stray?
And where are her grots and her bowers?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?

The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine ;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove ?
Why term it a folly to grieve ?
Ere I show you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave,
With her wit she engages the free,
With her modesty pleases the grave ;
She is every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays !
I could lay down my life for the swain,
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while ;
Nay on him let not Phillida frown,—
But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phillis to find,
O how with one trivial glance
Might she ruin the peace of my mind !
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around ;
And his pipe—oh ! may Phillis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound !

'Tis his with mock passion to glow ;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold—
' How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold :
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie ;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die.'

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet,
Then suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phillis's feet.
' O Phillis ! (he whispers) more fair,
More sweet, than the jessamine's flower !
What are pinks in a morn to compare ?
What is eglantine after a shower ?

' Then the lily no longer is white,
Then the rose is deprived of its bloom,
Then the violets die with despite,
And the woodbines give up their perfume.'
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer ;—
Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phillis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phillis the trophy despise ;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phillis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue ;—
Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye shepherds ! give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep ;
They have nothing to do but to stray,
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove ;
She was fair—and my passion begun ;
She smiled—and I could not but love ;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought ;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah ! Love every hope can inspire,
It banishes Wisdom the while,
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone ;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let Reason instruct you to shun,
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree ;
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas ! from the day that we met
What hope of an end to my woes ?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.

Yet time may diminish the pain :
The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
But we're not to find them our own ;
Fate never bestow'd such delight
As I with my Phillis had known.

O ye woods ! spread your branches apace,
To your deepest recesses I fly,
I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun ;
How she smiled, and I could not but love !
Was faithless, and I am undone !

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

A Ballad.

ALLUDING TO A STORY RECORDED OF HER, WHEN SHE
WAS PRISONER AT WOODSTOCK, 1554.

WILL you hear how once repining
Great Eliza captive lay,
Each ambitious thought resigning,
Foe to riches, pomp, and sway ?

While the nymphs and swains, delighted,
Tripp'd around in all their pride ;
Envyng joys by others slighted,
Thus the royal maiden cried :

‘ Bred on plains, or born in valleys,
Who would bid those scenes adieu ?
Stranger to the arts of Malice,
Who would ever courts pursue ?

‘ Malice never taught to treasure,
Censure never taught to bear ;
Love is all the shepherd’s pleasure ;
Love is all the damsel’s care.

‘ How can they of humble station
Vainly blame the powers above ?
Or accuse the dispensation
Which allows them all to love ?

‘ Love, like air, is widely given ;
Power nor Chance can these restrain ;
Truest, noblest gifts of Heaven
Only purest on the plain !

- ‘ Peers can no such charms discover,
All in stars and garters dress’d,
As on Sundays does the lover,
With his nosegay on his breast.
- ‘ Pinks and roses in profusion,
Said to fade when Chloe’s near ;
Fops may use the same allusion,
But the shepherd is sincere.
- ‘ Hark to yonder milkmaid singing
Cheerly o'er the brimming pail ;
Cowslips, all around her springing,
Sweetly paint the golden vale.
- ‘ Never yet did courtly maiden
Move so spritely, look so fair ;
Never breast, with jewels laden,
Pour a song so void of care.
- ‘ Would indulgent Heaven had granted
Me some rural damsel’s part !
All the empire I had wanted,
Then had been my shepherd’s heart.
- ‘ Then with him o'er hills and mountains,
Free from fetters, might I rove ;
Fearless taste the crystal fountains,
Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.
- ‘ Rustics had been more forgiving,
Partial to my virgin bloom ;
None had envied me when living,
None had triumph’d o'er my tomb.’

NANCY OF THE VALE,

A Ballad.

Nerine Galatea ! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblas !
 Candidior cycnis ! hederâ formosior albâ !

O Galatea ! Nereus' blooming child,
 More sweet than thyme by Hybla bees exhaled,
 Fairer than swans, more beauteous to behold
 Than ivy's purest white.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
 With every pleasing ray,
 And flocks, reviving, felt no more
 The sultry heats of day ;
 When from an hazel's artless bower
 Soft warbled Strephon's tongue ;
 He bless'd the scene, he bless'd the hour,
 While Nancy's praise he sung.
 ' Let fops with fickle falsehood range
 The paths of wanton love,
 While weeping maids lament their change,
 And sadden every grove :
 ' But endless blessings crown the day,
 I saw fair Esham's dale !
 And every blessing find its way
 To Nancy of the Vale.
 ' Twas from Avona's banks the maid
 Diffused her lovely beams,
 And every shining glance display'd
 The Naiad of the streams.

- ‘ Soft as the wild-duck’s tender young
That float on Avon’s tide ;
Bright as the water-lily, sprung,
And glittering near its side :
- ‘ Fresh as the bordering flowers her bloom ;
Her eye all mild to view ;
The little halcyon’s azure plume
Was never half so blue.
- ‘ Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
So taper, straight, and fair ;
Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
How charming sweet they were !
- ‘ Far in the winding vale retired,
This peerless bud I found,
And shadowing rocks and woods conspired
To fence her beauties round.
- ‘ That Nature in so lone a dell
Should form a nymph so sweet !
Or Fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wandering feet !
- ‘ Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
But she would ne’er incline :
- “ Prove to your equals true, (she cried)
As I will prove to mine.
- ‘ “ ‘Tis Strephon, on the mountain’s brow,
Has won my right good will ;
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I’ll climb the hill.”
- ‘ Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I clasp’d the constant fair ;
To her alone I gave my youth,
And vow my future care.

‘ And when this vow shall faithless prove,
Or I those charms forego ;
The stream that saw our tender love,
That stream shall cease to flow.’

JEMMY DAWSON,

A Ballad.

WRITTEN ABOUT THE TIME OF HIS EXECUTION, IN THE
YEAR 1745.

COME listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear !
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.
And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid !
Do thou a pensive ear incline ;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint—but mine.
Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trod the plain,
And well he loved one charming maid,
And dearly was he loved again.
One tender maid, she loved him dear ;
Of gentle blood the damsel came ;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.
But curse on party’s hateful strife,
That led the favour’d youth astray,
The day the rebel clans appear’d ;
O had he never seen that day !

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found ;
And now he must that death endure
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear !
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, or yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she, weeping, said—
' O Dawson ! monarch of my heart !
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

' Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes ;
O George ! without a prayer for thee
My orisons should never close.

' The gracious prince that gave him life
Would crown a never-dying flame,
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

' But though he should be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree,
He shall not want one constant friend
To share the cruel fates' decree.'

O ! then her mourning coach was call'd ;
The sledge moved slowly on before ;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not loved her favourite more,
She follow'd him, prepared to view
The terrible behests of law,
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and steadfast eye she saw,

Distorted was that blooming face
Which she had fondly loved so long,
And stifled was that tuneful breath
Which in her praise had sweetly sung :
And sever'd was that beauteous neck
Round which her arms had fondly closed,
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her lovesick head reposed :
And ravish'd was that constant heart
She did to every heart prefer ;
For though it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.
Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see,
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
'Yet, yet, (she cried) I follow thee !
' My death, my death alone can show
The pure, the lasting love I bore :
Accept, O Heaven ! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.'
The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retired ;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expired.
Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due ;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true.

SONG¹.

I TOLD my nymph, I told her true,
 My fields were small, my flocks were few,
 While faltering accents spoke my fear,
 That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
 And vagrant sheep that left my fold,
 Of these she heard, yet bore to hear ;
 And is not Flavia then sincere ?

How, changed by Fortune's fickle wind,
 The friends I loved became unkind,
 She heard, and shed a generous tear ;
 And is not Flavia then sincere ?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
 My Flavia must not hope for dress ;
 This too she heard, and smiled to hear ;
 And Flavia, sure, must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains !
 Go reap the plenty of your plains ;
 Despoil'd of all which you revere,
 I know my Flavia's love sincere.

¹ This and the following Songs were written chiefly between the years 1737 and 1742.

THE LANDSCAPE.

How pleased within my native bowers
Erewhile I pass'd the day !
Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers ?
Were ever flowers so gay ?

How sweetly smiled the hill, the vale,
And all the landscape round !
The river gliding down the dale,
The hill with beeches crown'd !

But now, when urged by tender woes,
I speed to meet my dear ;
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I see ;
That verdant hill and silver stream
Divide my love and me.

SONG.

YE gentle nymphs and generous dames
That rule o'er every British mind !
Be sure ye sooth their amorous flames,
Be sure your laws are not unkind :

For hard it is, to wear their bloom
In unremitting sighs away,
To mourn the night's oppressive gloom,
And faintly bless the rising day.

And cruel 'twere a free-born swain,
A British youth, should vainly moan,
Who, scornful of a tyrant's chain,
Submits to yours and yours alone.

Nor pointed spear, nor links of steel,
Could e'er those gallant minds subdue,
Who beauty's wounds with pleasure feel,
And boast the fetters wrought by you.

THE SKYLARK.

Go, tuneful bird ! that glad'st the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way ;
And there on quivering pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display :

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song,
Tell her the sounds that sooth her ear
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine ;
But ask the lovely partial maid
What are his notes compared to thine ?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau,
And all his flaunting race, with scorn ;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

SONG.

*Ab ! ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos
Optarem, quam te sic quoque velle putem.*

*Why should I wish to banish sore disease,
Unless returning health my Delia please ?*

ON every tree, in every plain,
I trace the jovial spring in vain ;
A sickly languor veils mine eyes,
And fast my waning vigour flies.

Nor flowery plain nor budding tree,
That smile on others, smile on me ;
Mine eyes from Death shall court repose,
Nor shed a tear before they close.

What bliss to me can seasons bring ;
Or what the needless pride of Spring ?
The cypress bough, that suits the bier,
Retains its verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine so fresh and fair,
Might claim a while my wonted care ;
My rural store some pleasure yield,
So white a flock, so green a field !

My friends, that each in kindness vie,
Might well expect one parting sigh :
Might well demand one tender tear ;
For when was Damon insincere ?

But ere I ask once more to view
Yon setting Sun his race renew,
Inform me, swains! my friends! declare,
Will pitying Delia join the prayer?

THE ATTRIBUTE OF VENUS.

Yes; Fulvia is like Venus fair,
Has all her bloom, and shape, and air;
But still to perfect every grace,
She wants—the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic Juno wore,
And Cynthia's brow the crescent bore,
A helmet mark'd Minerva's mien,
But smiles distinguish'd Beauty's queen.

Her train was form'd of Smiles and Loves,
Her chariot drawn by gentlest doves:
And from her zone the nymph may find
'Tis Beauty's province to be kind.

Then smile, my Fair! and all whose aim
Aspires to paint the Cyprian dame,
Or bid her breathe in living stone,
Shall take their forms from you alone.

SONG. 1742.

WHEN bright Roxana treads the green
In all the pride of dress and mien,
Averse to freedom, love, and play,
The dazzling rival of the day;
None other beauty strikes mine eye,
The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disclaiming art, the fair
Assumes a soft engaging air,
Mild as the opening morn of May,
Familiar, friendly, free, and gay,
The scene improves where'er she goes,
More sweetly smile the pink and rose.

O lovely maid! propitious hear,
Nor deem thy shepherd insincere;
Pity a wild illusive flame,
That varies objects still the same,
And let their very changes prove
The never varied force of love.

VALENTINE'S DAY. 1743.

'Tis said that under distant skies
(Nor you the fact deny)
What first attracts an Indian's eyes
Becomes his deity.

Perhaps a lily or a rose,
That shares the morning's ray,
May to the waking swain disclose
The regent of the day.

Perhaps a plant in yonder grove,
Enrich'd with fragrant power,
May tempt his vagrant eyes to rove
Where blooms the sovereign flower.

Perch'd on the cedar's topmost bough,
And gay with gilded wings,
Perchance, the patron of his vow,
Some artless linnet sings.

The swain surveys her pleased, afraid,
Then low to Earth he bends,
And owns upon her friendly aid
His health, his life, depends.

Vain futile idols, bird, or flower,
To tempt a votary's prayer!—
How would his humble homage tower
Should he behold my fair!

Yes—might the Pagan's waking eyes
O'er Flavia's beauty range,
He there would fix his lasting choice,
Nor dare nor wish to change,

SONG. 1743.

THE fatal hours are wondrous near,
That from these fountains bear my dear ;
A little space is given in vain ;
She robs my sight, and shuns the plain.

A little space for me to prove
My boundless flame, my endless love ;
And, like the train of vulgar hours,
Invidious Time that space devours.

Near yonder beach is Delia's way,
On that I gaze the livelong day ;
No eastern monarch's dazzling pride
Should draw my longing eyes aside.

The chief that knows of succours nigh,
And sees his mangled legions die,
Casts not a more impatient glance,
To see the loitering aids advance.

Not more the school-boy, that expires
Far from his native home, requires
To see some friend's familiar face,
Or meet a parent's last embrace—

She comes—but, ah ! what crowds of beaux
In radiant bands my fair enclose !
Oh ! better hadst thou shunn'd the green ;
Oh, Delia ! better far unseen.

Methinks, by all my tender fears,
By all my sighs, by all my tears,
I might from torture now be free—
'Tis more than death to part from thee !

SONG. 1744.

THE lovely Delia smiles again !
That killing frown has left her brow ;
Can she forgive my jealous pain,
And give me back my angry vow ?

Love is an April's doubtful day ;
A while we see the tempest lower,
Anon the radiant Heaven survey,
And quite forget the flitting shower.

The flowers, that hung their languid head,
Are burnish'd by the transient rains ;
The vines their wonted tendrils spread,
And double verdure gilds the plains.

The spritely birds, that droop'd no less
Beneath the power of rain and wind,
In every raptured note express
The joy I feel—when thou art kind.

SONG. 1744.

PERHAPS it is not love, said I,
That melts my soul when Flavia's nigh :
Where wit and sense like hers agree,
One may be pleased, and yet be free.

The beauties of her polish'd mind
It needs no lover's eye to find ;
The hermit freezing in his cell
Might wish the gentle Flavia well.

It is not love—averse to bear
The servile chain that lovers wear;
Let, let me all my fears remove,
My doubts dispel—it is not love.

Oh! when did wit so brightly shine
In any form less fair than thine?
It is—it is Love's subtle fire,
And under friendship lurks desire,

SONG. 1744.

O'ER desert plains, and rushy meers,
And wither'd heaths I rove;
Where tree, nor spire, nor cot appears,
I pass to meet my love.

But though my path were damask'd o'er
With beauties e'er so fine,
My busy thoughts would fly before
To fix alone—on thine.

Nor fir-crown'd hills could give delight,
No palace please mine eye;
No pyramid's aerial height,
Where mouldering monarchs lie.

Unmoved should eastern kings advance,
Could I the pageant see;
Splendour might catch one scornful glance,
Not steal one thought from thee.

WINTER, 1746.

No more, ye warbling birds! rejoice:
 Of all that cheer'd the plain,
 Echo alone preserves her voice,
 And she—repeats my pain.

Where'er my lovesick limbs I lay,
 To shun the rushing wind,
 Its busy murmur seems to say,
 ' She never will be kind ! '

The Naiads o'er their frozen urns
 In icy chains repine,
 And each in sullen silence mourns
 Her freedom lost, like mine !

Soon will the Sun's returning rays
 The cheerless frost control,
 When will relenting Delia chase
 The winter of my soul ?

THE SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.

By the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill,
 Where whisper'd the beech, and where murmur'd
 the rill,

I vow'd to the Muses my time and my care,
 Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

Free I ranged like the birds, like the birds free I
 sung, [tongue ;
 And Delia's loved name scarce escaped from my
 But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,
 I should wish, unawares, that my Delia might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stored,
Allusive to none but the nymph I adored ;
And the more I with study my fancy refined,
The deeper impression she made on my mind.

So long as of Nature the charms I pursue,
I still must my Delia's dear image renew ;
The Graces have yielded with Delia to rove,
And the Muses are all in alliance with Love.

THE ROSE-BUD.

‘ SEE, Daphne ! see, (Florelia cried)
And learn the sad effects of pride ;
Yon shelter'd Rose, how safe conceal'd !
How quickly blasted when reveal'd !

‘ The Sun with warm attractive rays
Tempts it to wanton in the blaze ;
A gale succeeds from eastern skies,
And all its blushing radiance dies.

‘ So you, my fair ! of charms divine,
Will quit the plains, too fond to shine,
Where Fame's transporting rays allure,
Though here more happy, more secure.

‘ The breath of some neglected maid
Shall make you sigh you left the shade ;
A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
As to the rose an eastern wind.’

The nymph replied, ‘ You first, my swain !
Confine your sonnets to the plain ;
One envious tongue alike disarms
You of your wit, me of my charms.

‘ What is, unknown, the poet’s skill ?
Or what unheard, the tuneful thrill ?
What, unadmired, a charming mien ?
Or what the rose’s blush unseen ? ’

DAPHNE'S VISIT.

Ye birds ! for whom I rear’d the grove,
With melting lay salute my love ;
My Daphne with your notes detain,
Or I have rear’d my grove in vain.

Ye flowers ! before her footsteps rise,
Display at once your brightest dyes,
That she your opening charms may see ;
Or what were all your charms to me ?

Kind Zephyr ! brush each fragrant flower,
And shed its odours round my bower ;
Or never more, O gentle wind !
Shall I from thee refreshment find.

Ye streams ! if e’er your banks I loved,
If e’er your native sounds improved ;
May each soft murmur sooth my fair,
Or, oh ! ’twill deepen my despair.

And thou, my grot ! whose lonely bounds
The melancholy pine surrounds,
May Daphne praise thy peaceful gloom,
Or thou shalt prove her Damon’s tomb.

WRITTEN IN A

COLLECTION OF BACCHANALIAN SONGS.

ADIEU, ye jovial youths ! who join
To plunge old Care in floods of wine ;
And as your dazzled eyeballs roll,
Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Nor yet is hope so wholly flown,
Nor yet is thought so tedious grown,
But limpid stream and shady tree
Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see, through yonder silent grove,
See, yonder does my Daphne rove !
With pride her footsteps I pursue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire
Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire ;
I scorn the madness you approve,
And value reason next to love.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

YES, these are the scenes where with Iris I stray'd,
But short was her sway for so lovely a maid !
In the bloom of her youth to a cloister she run,
In the bloom of her graces, too fair for a nun !
Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove,
So fatal to beauty, so killing to love !

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs, and the
plains, [pains ;
Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my
How many soft moments I spent in this grove !
How fair was my nymph ! and how fervent my love !
Be still though, my heart ! thine emotion give o'er ;
Remember the season of love is no more.

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bowers !
Or loiter'd behind, and collected the flowers !
Then breathless with ardour my fair one pursued,
And to think with what kindness my garland she
view'd !
But be still, my fond heart ! this emotion give o'er ;
Fain wouldst thou forget thou must love her no
more.

SONG.

WHEN bright Ophelia treads the green
In all the pride of dress and mien,
Averse to freedom, mirth, and play,
The lofty rival of the day,
Methinks to my enchanted eye
The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disdaining art, the fair
Assumes a soft engaging air,
Mild as the opening morn of May,
And as the feather'd warblers gay,
The scene improves where'er she goes,
More sweetly smiles the pink and rose.

O lovely maid ! propitious hear,
Nor think thy Damon insincere,
Pity my wild delusive flame ;
For though the flowers are still the same,
To me they languish or improve,
And plainly tell me that I love.

SONG.

WHEN first, Philander, first I came
Where Avon rolls his winding stream,
The nymphs—how brisk ! the swains—how gay !
To see Asteria, queen of May !—
The parsons round, her praises sung !
The steeples with her praises rung !—
I thought—no sight that e'er was seen
Could match the sight of Barel's Green.

But now, since old Eugenio died—
The chief of poets, and the pride—
Now, meaner bards in vain aspire
To raise their voice, to tune their lyre ;
Their lovely season now is o'er ;
Thy notes, Florelio, please no more—
No more Asteria's smiles are seen—
Adieu—the sweets of Barel's Green !

THE HALCYON.

WHY o'er the verdant banks of ooze
 Does yonder halcyon speed so fast?—
 'Tis all because she would not lose
 Her favourite calm, that will not last.

The Sun with azure paints the skies,
 The stream reflects each flowery spray;
 And, frugal of her time, she flies
 To take her fill of love and play.

See her, when rugged Boreas blows,
 Warm in some rocky cell remain;
 To seek for pleasure, well she knows,
 Would only then enhance the pain.

' Descend, (she cries) thou hated shower,
 Deform my limpid waves to-day:
 For I have chose a fairer hour
 To take my fill of love and play.'

You, too, my Sylvia, sure will own
 Life's azure seasons swiftly roll;
 And when our youth or health is flown,
 To think of love but shocks the soul.

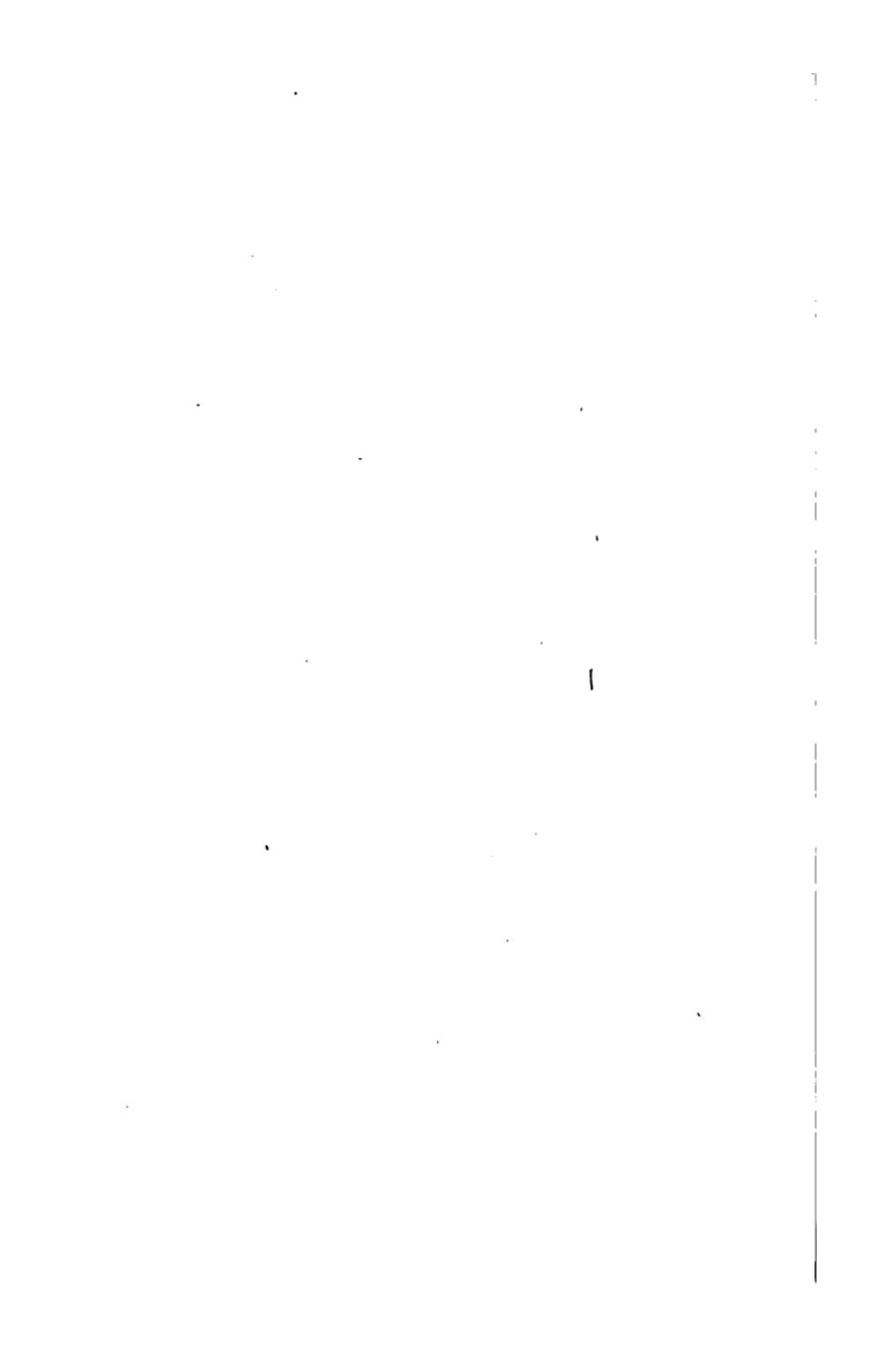
Could Damon but deserve thy charms,
 As thou art Damon's only theme,
 He'd fly as quick to Delia's arms
 As yonder halcyon skims the stream.

EPITAPH¹.

HERE, here she lies, a budding rose
Blasted before its bloom,
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume.
To those who for her death are grieved,
This consolation's given ;
She 's from the storms of life relieved
To shine more bright in Heaven.

¹ In Hales-Owen church-yard, on Miss Anne Powell.

THE
POEMS
OF
David Mallet.



THE
LIFE OF DAVID MALLET.
BY
DR. JOHNSON.

OF DAVID MALLET, having no written memorial, I am able to give no other account than such as is supplied by the unauthorized loquacity of common fame, and a very slight personal knowledge.

He was by his original one of the Macgregors, a clan that became, about sixty years ago, under the conduct of Robin Roy, so formidable and so infamous for violence and robbery, that the name was annulled by a legal abolition; and when they were all to denominate themselves anew, the father, I suppose, of this author, called himself Malloch.

David Malloch was, by the penury of his parents, compelled to be *Janitor* of the high school at Edinburgh; a mean office, of which he did not afterwards delight to hear. But he surmounted the disadvantages of his birth and fortune; for, when the Duke of Montrose applied to the college of Edinburgh for a tutor to educate his sons, Malloch was recommended; and I never heard that he dishonoured his credentials.

When his pupils were sent to see the world, they were entrusted to his care; and, having conducted them round the common circle of modish travels, he returned with them to London, where, by the influence of the family in which he resided, he naturally gained admission to many persons of the highest rank, and the highest character; to wits, nobles, and statesmen.

Of his works, I know not whether I can trace the series. His first production was 'William and Margaret': of which, though it contains nothing very striking or difficult, he has been envied the reputation; and plagiarism has been boldly charged, but never proved.

Not long afterwards he published the 'Excursion' (1728); a desultory and capricious view of such scenes of nature as his fancy led him, or his knowledge enabled him, to describe. It is not devoid of poetical spirit. Many of his images are striking, and many of the paragraphs are elegant. The cast of diction seems to be copied from Thomson, whose 'Seasons' were then in their full blossom of reputation. He has Thomson's beauties and his faults.

His poem on 'Verbal Criticism' (1733) was written to pay court to Pope, on a subject which he either did not understand, or willingly misrepresented; and is little more than an improvement, or rather expansion, of a fragment which Pope printed in a Miscellany long before he engrafted it into a regular poem. There is in this piece more pertness than wit, and more confidence than knowledge. The versification is tolerable, nor can criticism allow it a higher praise.

His first tragedy was 'Eurydice,' acted at Drury Lane in 1731; of which I know not the reception nor the merit, but have heard it mentioned as a mean performance. He was not then too high to accept a prologue and epilogue from Aaron Hill, neither of which can be much commended.

Having cleared his tongue from his native pronunciation so as to be no longer distinguished as a Scot, he seems inclined to disencumber himself from all adherences of his original, and took upon him to change his name from Scotch *Malloch* to English *Mallet*, without any imaginable reason of preference which the eye or ear can discover. What other proofs

¹ 'William and Margaret' was printed in Aaron Hill's 'Plain Dealer,' No 36, July 24, 1724.

he gave of disrespect to his native country, I know not; but it was remarked of him, that he was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend.

About this time Pope, whom he visited familiarly, published his 'Essay on Man,' but concealed the author; and, when Mallet entered one day, Pope asked him slightly what there was new. Mallet told him, that the newest piece was something called an 'Essay on Man,' which he had inspected idly, and seeing the utter inability of the author, who had neither skill in writing nor knowledge of the subject, had tossed it away. Pope, to punish his self-conceit, told him the secret.

A new edition of the works of Bacon being prepared (1750) for the press, Mallet was employed to prefix a Life, which he has written with elegance, perhaps with some affectation; but with so much more knowledge of history than of science, that, when he afterwards undertook the Life of Marlborough, Warburton remarked, that he might perhaps forget that Marlborough was a general, as he had forgotten that Bacon was a philosopher.

When the Prince of Wales was driven from the palace, and setting himself at the head of the opposition, kept a separate court, he endeavoured to increase his popularity by the patronage of literature, and made Mallet his under-secretary, with a salary of two hundred pounds a year. Thomson likewise had a pension; and they were associated in the composition of 'The Masque of Alfred,' which, in its original state, was played at Cliefden in 1740; it was afterwards almost wholly changed by Mallet, and brought upon the stage at Drury Lane in 1751, but with no great success.

Mallet, in a familiar conversation with Garrick, discoursing of the diligence which he was then exerting upon the Life of Marlborough, let him know, that, in the series of great men quickly to be exhibited, he should *find a niche* for the hero of the

Theatre. Garrick professed to wonder by what artifice he could be introduced: but Mallet let him know, that, by a dexterous anticipation, he should fix him in a conspicuous place. “Mr. Mallet, (says Garrick, in his gratitude of exultation) have you left off to write for the stage?” Mallet then confessed that he had a drama in his hands. Garrick promised to act it; and ‘Alfred’ was produced.

The long retardation of the Life of the Duke of Marlborough shows, with strong conviction, how little confidence can be placed in posthumous renown. When he died, it was soon determined that his story should be delivered to posterity; and the papers supposed to contain the necessary information were delivered to Lord Molesworth, who had been his favourite in Flanders. When Molesworth died, the same papers were transferred with the same design to Sir Richard Steele, who in some of his exigences put them in pawn. They remained with the old duchess, who in her will assigned the task to Glover and Mallet, with a reward of a thousand pounds, and a prohibition to insert any verses. Glover rejected, I suppose, with disdain, the legacy, and devolved the whole work upon Mallet; who had from the late Duke of Marlborough a pension to promote his industry, and who talked of the discoveries which he had made; but left not, when he died, any historical labours behind him.

While he was in the prince’s service he published ‘Mustapha,’ with a prologue by Thomson, not mean, but far inferior to that which he had received from Mallet for ‘Agamemnon.’ The epilogue, said to be written by a friend, was composed in haste by Mallet, in the place of one promised, which was never given. This tragedy was dedicated to the prince his master. It was acted at Drury Lane in 1739, and was well received, but was never revived.

In 1740, he produced, as has been already men-

tioned, 'The Masque of Alfred,' in conjunction with Thomson.

For some time afterwards he lay at rest. After a long interval, his next work was 'Amyntor and Theodora' (1747), a long story in blank verse; in which it cannot be denied that there is copiousness and elegance of language, vigour of sentiment, and imagery well adapted to take possession of the fancy. But it is blank verse. This he sold to Vaillant for one hundred and twenty pounds. The first sale was not great, and it is now lost in forgetfulness.

Mallet, by address or accident, perhaps by his dependence on the prince, found his way to Bolingbroke; a man whose pride and petulance made his kindness difficult to gain, or keep, and whom Mallet was content to court by an act, which, I hope, was unwillingly performed. When it was found that Pope had clandestinely printed an unauthorized pamphlet called 'The Patriot King,' Bolingbroke, in a fit of useless fury, resolved to blast his memory, and employed Mallet (1749) as the executioner of his vengeance. Mallet had not virtue, or had not spirit, to refuse the office; and was rewarded, not long after, with the legacy of Lord Bolingbroke's works.

Many of the political pieces had been written during the opposition to Walpole, and given to Franklin, as he supposed, in perpetuity. These, among the rest, were claimed by the will. The question was referred to arbitrators; but when they decided against Mallet, he refused to yield to the award; and by the help of Miller the bookseller, published all that he could find, but with success very much below his expectation.

In 1755, his masque of 'Britannia' was acted at Drury Lane; and his tragedy of 'Elvira' in 1763; in which year he was appointed keeper of the Book of Entries for ships in the port of London.

In the beginning of the last war ², when the nation

² The war of 1756.

was exasperated by ill success, he was employed to turn the public vengeance upon Byng, and wrote a letter of accusation under the character of a 'Plain Man.' The paper was with great industry circulated and dispersed; and he, for his seasonable intervention, had a considerable pension bestowed upon him, which he retained to his death.

Towards the end of his life he went with his wife to France; but after a while, finding his health declining, he returned alone to England, and died in April, 1765.

He was twice married, and by his first wife had several children. One daughter, who married an Italian of rank named Cilesia, wrote a tragedy called 'Almida,' which was acted at Drury Lane. His second wife was the daughter of a nobleman's steward, who had a considerable fortune, which she took care to retain in her own hands.

His stature was diminutive, but he was regularly formed; his appearance, till he grew corpulent, was agreeable, and he suffered it to want no recommendation that dress could give it. His conversation was elegant and easy. The rest of his character may, without injury to his memory, sink into silence.

As a writer, he cannot be placed in any high class. There is no species of composition in which he was eminent. His Dramas had their day, a short day, and are forgotten; his blank verse seems to my ear the echo of Thomson. His 'Life of Bacon' is known as it is appended to Bacon's volumes, but is no longer mentioned. His works are such as a writer, bustling in the world, showing himself in public, and emerging occasionally from time to time into notice, might keep alive by his personal influence; but which, conveying little information, and giving no great pleasure, must soon give way, as the succession of things produces new topics of conversation and other modes of amusement.

DEDICATIONS.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

WILLIAM LORD MANSFIELD¹,

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

No man in ancient Rome, my Lord, would have been surprised, I believe, to see a poet inscribe his works either to Cicero or the younger Pliny ; not to mention any more among her most celebrated names. They were both, it is true, public magistrates of the first distinction, and had applied themselves severely to the study of the laws, in which both eminently excelled : they were, at the same time, illustrious orators, and employed their eloquence in the service of their clients and their country : but as they had both embellished their other talents by early cultivating the finer arts, and which has spread, we see, a peculiar light and grace over all their productions, no species of polite literature could be foreign to their taste or patronage ; and, in effect, we find they were the friends and protectors of the best poets their respective ages produced.

It is from a parity of character, my Lord, and which will occur obviously to every eye, that I

¹ Prefixed to an edition of the Author's works, in 1759.

am induced to place your name at the head of this Collection, such as it is, of the different things I have written.

Nec Phœbo gratior ulla
Quam sibi que Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.

And were I as sure, my Lord, that it is deserving of your regard, as I am that these verses were not applied with more propriety at first than they are now, the public would universally justify my ambition in presenting it to you : but of that the public only must and will judge, in the last appeal. There is but one thing, to bespeak their favour and your friendship, that I dare be positive in, without which you are the last person in Britain to whom I should have thought of addressing it ; and this any man may affirm of himself without vanity, because it is equally in every man's power : of all that I have written on any occasion, there is not a line which I am afraid to own, either as an honest man, a good subject, or a true lover of my country.

I have thus, my Lord, dedicated some few moments, the first day of this new year, to send you, according to good old custom, a present ; an humble one I confess it is, and that can have little other value but what arises from the disposition of the sender. On that account, perhaps, it may not be altogether unacceptable ; for it is, indeed, an offering rather of the heart than the head ; an effusion of those sentiments which great merit, employed to the best purposes, naturally creates.

May you enjoy, my Lord, through the whole course of this and many more years, that sound

health of mind and body which your important labours for the public so much want, and so justly merit ; and may you soon have the satisfaction to see, what I know you so ardently wish, this destructive war, however necessary on our part, concluded by a safe and lasting peace. Then, and not till then, all the noble arts, no less useful than ornamental to human life, and that now languish, may again flourish under the eye and encouragement of those few who think, and feel as you do, for the advantage and honour of Great Britain. I am, with the sincerest attachment,

My Lord,

Your most faithful humble servant.

Jan. 1, 1759.

TO THE

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH².



YOUR Grace has given leave that these few poems should appear in the world under the patronage of your name ; but this leave would have been refused, I know, had you expected to find your own praises, however just, in any part of the present address. I do not say it, my Lord, in the style of compliment: genuine modesty (the companion and the grace of true merit) may be surely distinguished from the affectation of it; as surely as the native glowing of a fine complexion from that artificial colouring which is used, in vain, to supply what Nature had denied, or has resumed.

² This dedication was prefixed by the Author to a small Collection of his poems, published in 1762.

Yet permit me just to hint, my Lord, while I restrain my pen from all enlargement, that if the fairest public character must be raised upon private virtue, as surely it must; your grace has laid already the surest foundation of the former in the latter: the eyes of mankind are therefore turned upon you, and from what you are known to have done in one way, they reasonably look for whatever can be expected from a great and good man in the other.

The Author of these lighter amusements hopes soon to present your grace with something more solid, more deserving your attention, in the Life of the first Duke of Marlborough.

You will then see that superior talents for war have been, though they rarely are, accompanied with equal abilities for negociation; and that the same extensive capacity which could guide all the tumultuous scenes of the camp, knew how to direct, with equal skill, the calmer but more perplexing operations of the cabinet.

In the meanwhile, that you may live to adorn the celebrated and difficult title you wear; that you may be, like him, the defender of your country in days of public danger; and in times of peace, what is perhaps less frequently found, the friend and patron of those useful and ornamental arts by which human nature is exalted, and human society rendered more happy; this, my Lord, is respectfully the wish of,

Your Grace's
Most obedient and humble servant,
DAVID MALLET.

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA.

In Three Cantos.

PREFACE.

THE following Poem was originally intended for the stage, and planned out, several years ago, into a regular tragedy : but the Author found it necessary to change his first design, and to give his work the form it now appears in, for reasons with which it might be impertinent to trouble the public ; though, to a man who thinks and feels in a certain manner, those reasons were invincibly strong.

As the scene of the piece is laid in the most remote and unfrequented of all the Hebrides, or Western Isles, that surround one part of Great Britain ; it may not be improper to inform the reader, that he will find a particular account of it in a little treatise, published near half a century ago, under the title of ‘ A Voyage to St. Kilda.’ The Author, who had himself been upon the spot, describes, at length, the situation, extent, and produce of that solitary island; sketches out the natural history of the birds of season that transmigrate thither annually, and relates the singular customs that still prevailed among the inhabitants; a race of people then the most uncorrupted in their

manners, and therefore the least unhappy in their lives, of any perhaps on the face of the whole earth: to whom might have been applied what an ancient historian says of certain barbarous nations, when he compares them with their more civilized neighbours, *Plus valuit apud hos ignorantia vitiorum, quam apud Græcos omnia philosophorum præcepta.*

They live together, as in the greatest simplicity of heart, so in the most inviolable harmony and union of sentiments. They have neither silver nor gold, but barter among themselves for the few necessaries they may reciprocally want. To strangers they are extremely hospitable, and no less charitable to their own poor; for whose relief each family in the island contributes its share monthly, and at every festival sends them besides a portion of mutton or beef. Both sexes have a genius to poetry, and compose not only songs but pieces of a more elevated turn in their own language, which is very emphatical. One of those islanders having been prevailed with to visit the greatest trading town in North Britain, was infinitely astonished at the length of the voyage, and at the mighty kingdoms, for such he reckoned the larger isles, by which they sailed. He would not venture himself into the streets of that city without being led by the hand. At sight of the great church, he owned that it was indeed a lofty rock, but insisted that, in his native country of St. Kilda, there were others still higher; however the caverns formed in it, (so he named the pillars and arches on which it is raised) were hollowed, he said, more commodiously than

any he had ever seen there. At the shake occasioned in the steeple, and the horrible din that sounded in his ears upon tolling out the great bells, he appeared under the utmost consternation, believing the frame of nature was falling to pieces about him. He thought the persons who wore masks, not distinguishing whether they were men or women, had been guilty of some ill thing, for which they did not dare to show their faces. The beauty and stateliness of the trees which he saw then for the first time, (as in his own island there grows not a shrub) equally surprised and delighted him; but he observed, with a kind of terror, that as he passed among their branches, they pulled him back again. He had been persuaded to drink a pretty large dose of strong waters, and upon finding himself drowsy after it, and ready to fall into a slumber, which he fancied was to be his last, he expressed to his companions the great satisfaction he felt in so easy a passage out of this world; for, said he, ' it is attended with no kind of pain.'

Among such sort of men it was that Aurelius sought refuge from the violence and cruelty of his enemies.

The time appears to have been towards the latter part of the reign of King Charles II. when those who governed Scotland under him, with no less cruelty than impolicy, made the people of that country desperate; and then plundered, imprisoned, or butchered them, for the natural effects of such despair. The best and worthiest men were often the objects of their most unrelenting fury. Under the title of fanatics, or seditious,

they affected to herd, and of course persecuted, whoever wished well to his country, or ventured to stand up in defence of the laws and a legal government. I have now in my hands the copy of a warrant, signed by King Charles himself, for military execution upon them, without process or conviction; and I know that the original is still kept in the Secretary's office for that part of the united kingdom. Thus much I thought it necessary to say, that the reader may not be misled to look upon the relation given by Aurelius in the second Canto, as drawn from the wantonness of imagination, when it hardly arises to strict historical truth.

What reception this Poem may meet with, the Author cannot foresee; and in his humble, but happy retirement, he needs not be over anxious to know. He has endeavoured to make it one regular and consistent whole, to be true to nature in his thoughts, and to the genius of the language in his manner of expressing them. If he has succeeded in these points, but above all in effectually touching the passions; which, as it is the genuine province, so is it the great triumph of poetry; the candour of his more discerning readers will readily overlook mistakes, or failures, in things of less importance.

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA;

OR,

THE HERMIT.

Addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield.

To Mrs. Mallet.

THOU faithful partner of a heart thy own,
Whose pain or pleasure springs from thine alone;
Thou, true as Honour, as Compassion kind,
That in sweet union harmonize thy mind;
Here, while thy eyes for sad Amyntor's woe
And Theodora's wreck, with tears o'erflow,
O may thy friend's warm wish, to Heaven preferr'd
For thee, for him, by gracious Heaven be heard!
So her fair hour of fortune shall be thine
Unmix'd, and all Amyntor's fondness mine:
So through long vernal life, with blended ray,
Shall Love light up and Friendship close our day;
Till, summon'd late this lower heaven to leave,
One sigh shall end us, and one earth receive.

CANTO I.

FAR in the watery waste, where his broad wave
From world to world the vast Atlantic rolls
On from the piny shores of Labrador
To frozen Thulé east, her airy height
Aloft to Heaven remotest Kilda lifts,

Last of the sea-girt Hebrides, that guard,
In filial train, Britannia's parent coast.
Thrice happy land! though freezing on the verge
Of arctic skies, yet blameless still of arts
That polish to deprave each softer clime,
With simple Nature, simple Virtue, bless'd!
Beyond Ambition's walk, where never War
Upear'd his sanguine standard, nor unsheathe'd,
For wealth or power, the desolating sword;
Where Luxury, soft siren, who around
To thousand nations deals her nectar'd cup
Of pleasing bane, that sooths at once and kills,
Is yet a name unknown: but calm content,
That lives to reason, ancient faith that binds
The plain community of guileless hearts
In love and union, innocence of ill
Their guardian genius; these, the powers that rule
This little world, to all its sons secure
Man's happiest life; the soul serene and sound
From passion's rage, the body from disease:
Red on each cheek behold the rose of health;
Firm in each sinew vigour's pliant spring,
By temperance braced to peril and to pain,
Amid the floods they stem, or on the steep
Of upright rocks their straining steps surmount,
For food or pastime: these light up their morn,
And close their eve in slumber sweetly deep,
Beneath the north, within the circling swell
Of Ocean's raging sound; but last and best,
What Avarice, what Ambition, shall not know,
True Liberty is theirs, the Heaven-sent guest,
Who in the cave, or on the uncultured wild,
With Independence dwells and peace of mind,
In youth, in age, their sun that never sets.

Daughter of Heaven and Nature, deign thy aid,
Spontaneous Muse! O whether from the depth
Of evening forest, brown with broadest shade,
Or from the brow sublime of vernal Alp
As morning dawns, or from the vale at noon,
By some soft stream that slides with liquid foot
Through bowery groves, where Inspiration sits
And listens to thy lore, auspicious come!
O'er these wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd shore,
Thy wing high-hovering spread; and to the gale,
The boreal spirit breathing liberal round
From echoing hill to hill, the lyre attune
With answering cadence free, as best beseems
The tragic theme my plaintive verse unfolds.

Here good Aurelius—and a scene more wild
The world around, or deeper solitude,
Affliction could not find—Aurelius here,
By Fate unequal and the crime of war
Expell'd his native home, the sacred vale
That saw him bless'd, now wretched and unknown,
Wore out the slow remains of setting life
In bitterness of thought, and with the surge,
And with the sounding storm, his murmur'd moan
Would often mix—Oft has remembrance sad
The unhappy past recall'd, a faithful wife,
Whom Love first chose, whom Reason long en-
dear'd,
His soul's companion and his softer friend;
With one fair daughter, in her rosy prime,
Her dawn of opening charms, defenceless left
Within a tyrant's grasp! his foe profess'd,
By civil madness, by intemperate zeal
For differing rites, imbitter'd into hate,
And cruelty remorseless!—Thus he lived,

If this was life ; to load the blast with sighs ;
Hung o'er its edge, to swell the flood with tears ;
At midnight hour ; for midnight frequent heard
The lonely mourner, desolate of heart,
Pour all the husband, all the father forth
In unavailing anguish ; stretch'd along
The naked beach, or shivering on the cliff,
Smote with the wintry pole in bitter storm, [head.
Hail, snow, and shower, dark-drifting round his
Such were his hours, till Time, the wretch's friend,
Life's great physician, skill'd alone to close,
Where sorrow long has waked, the weeping eye ;
And from the brain, with baleful vapours black,
Each sullen spectre chase ; his balm at length,
Lenient of pain, through every fever'd pulse
With gentlest hand infused. A pensive calm
Arose, but unassured ; as, after winds
Of ruffling wing, the sea subsiding slow
Still trembles from the storm. Now Reason first
Her throne resuming, bid Devotion raise
To Heaven his eye, and through the turbid mists,
By sense dark-drawn between, adoring own,
Sole arbiter of fate, one Cause Supreme,
All-just, all-wise ; who bids what still is best
In cloud or sunshine, whose severest hand
Wounds but to heal, and chastens to amend.

Thus in his bosom, every weak excess,
The rage of grief, the fellness of revenge,
To healthful measure temper'd and reduced
By Virtue's hand, and in her brightening beam
Each error clear'd away, as fen-born fogs
Before the ascending Sun ; through faith he lives
Beyond Time's bounded continent, the walks
Of Sin and Death : anticipating Heaven

In pious hope, he seems already there,
Safe on her sacred shore, and sees beyond,
In radiant view, the world of light and love,
Where Peace delights to dwell, where one fair morn
Still orient smiles; and one diffusive spring,
That fears no storm, and shall no winter know,
The immortal year empurples. If a sigh
Yet murmurs from the breast, 'tis for the pangs
Those dearest names, a wife, a child, must feel,
Still suffering in his fate; 'tis for a foe
Who, deaf himself to mercy, may of Heaven
That mercy, when most wanted, ask in vain.

The Sun, now station'd with the lucid Twins,
O'er every southern clime had pour'd profuse
The rosy year, and in each pleasing hue
That greens the leaf, or through the blossom glows
With florid light, his fairest month array'd;
While Zephyr, while the silver-footed Dews,
Her soft attendants, wide o'er field and grove
Fresh spirit breathe, and shed perfuming balm.
Nor here, in this chill region, on the brow
Of Winter's waste dominion, is unfehl
The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the rise
Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill,
With wild thyme flowering, betony and balm,
Blue lavender and carmel's¹ spicy root,
Song, fragrance, health, ambrosiate every breeze.

But, high above, the season full exerts
Its vernant force in yonder peopled rocks,
To whose wild solitude, from worlds unknown,

¹ The root of this plant, (otherwise named *argatilis sylvaticus*,) is aromatic, and by the natives reckoned cordial to the stomach. See Martin's *Western Isles of Scotland*.

The birds of passage transmigrating come,
Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,
At Nature's summons their aerial state
Annual to found, and in bold voyage steer
O'er this wide ocean, through yon pathless sky,
One certain flight to one appointed shore,
By Heaven's directive spirit here to raise
Their temporary realm, and form secure,
Where food awaits them copious from the wave,
And shelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues;
Each tribe apart, and all on tasks of love,
To hatch the pregnant egg, to rear and guard
Their helpless infants, piously intent.

Led by the day abroad, with lonely step,
And ruminating sweet and bitter thought,
Aurelius, from the western bay, his eye
Now raised to this amusive scene in air,
With wonder mark'd; now cast with level ray
Wide o'er the moving wilderness of waves,
From pole to pole through boundless space diffused,
Magnificently dreadful! where at large
Leviathan, with each inferior name
Of sea-born kinds, ten thousand thousand tribes,
Finds endless range for pasture and for sport.
Amazed he gazes, and, adoring, owns
The hand Almighty, who its channel'd bed
Immeasurable sunk, and pour'd abroad,
Fenced with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere,
With every wind to waft large commerce on,
Join pole to pole, consociate sever'd worlds,
And link in bonds of intercourse and love
Earth's universal family. Now rose
Sweet evening's solemn hour: the Sun, declined,
Hung golden o'er this nether firmament,

Whose broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
 Gave back his beamy visage to the sky
 With splendour undiminish'd ; and each cloud,
 White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne
 In fair aerial landscape. Here, alone,
 On earth's remotest verge, Aurelius breathed
 The healthful gale, and felt the smiling scene,
 With awe-mix'd pleasure, musing as he hung
 In silence o'er the billows hush'd beneath ;
 When, lo ! a sound, amid the wave-worn rocks,
 Deaf-murmuring rose, and plaintive roll'd along
 From cliff to cavern, as the breath of winds
 At twilight hour, remote and hollow heard
 Through wintry pines, high waving o'er the steep
 Of sky-crown'd Appenine : the sea-pie ceased
 At once to warble ; screaming from his nest
 The fulmar soar'd, and shot a westward flight
 From shore to sea : on came, before her hour,
 Invading Night, and hung the troubled sky
 With fearful blackness round² : sad Ocean's face
 A curling undulation shivery swept
 From wave to wave ; and now impetuous rose,
 Thick cloud and storm and ruin on his wing,
 The raging South, and headlong o'er the deep
 Fell horrible, with broad-descending blast.
 Aloft, and safe beneath a sheltering cliff,
 Whose moss-grown summit on the distant flood
 Projected frowns, Aurelius stood appall'd ;
 His stunn'dear smote with all the thundering main,
 His eye with mountains surging to the stars,
 Commotion infinite. Where yon last wave
 Blends with the sky its foam, a ship in view

² See Martin's Voyage to St. Kilda, p. 58.

Shoots sudden forth, steep-falling from the clouds,
Yet distant seen and dim, till onward borne
Before the blast, each growing sail expands,
Each mast aspires, and all the' advancing frame
Bounds on his eye distinct: with sharpen'd ken
Its course he watches, and in awful thought [hear,
That Power invokes whose voice the wild winds
Whose nod the surge reveres, to look from heaven,
And save, who else must perish, wretched men,
In this dark hour, amid the dread abyss,
With fears amazed, by horrors compass'd round.
But, O ! ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads !
For Death bestrides the billow; nor your own,
Nor others' offer'd vows, can stay the flight
Of instant Fate. And, lo ! his secret seat,
Where never sun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidst
A cavern's jaws voracious and vast,
The stormy Genius of the deep forsakes,
And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,
Ascending baleful, bids the tempest spread,
Turbid and terrible with hail and rain,
Its blackest pinion, pour its loudening blasts
In whirlwinds forth, and from their lowest depth
Upturn the world of waters. Round and round
The tortured ship, at his imperious call,
Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl: her guiding helm
Breaks short; her masts in crashing ruin fall,
And each rent sail flies loose in distant air.
Now, fearful moment ! o'er the foundering hull
Half ocean heaved, in one broad billowy curve
Steep from the clouds with horrid shade impends—
Ah ! save them, Heaven!—it bursts in deluge down
With boundless undulation; shore and sky
Rebelow to the roar: at once ingulf'd,

Vessel and crew beneath its torrent-sweep
Are sunk, to rise no more. Aurelius wept;
The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek:
He turn'd his step; he fled the fatal scene,
And brooding in sad silence o'er the sight
To him alone disclosed, his wounded heart
Pour'd out to Heaven in sighs: 'Thy will be done,
Not mine, Supreme Disposer of events !
But death demands a tear, and man must feel
For human woes: the rest submission checks.'

Not distant far, where this receding bay³
Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch
Expands its self-poised concave; as the gate
Ample and broad, and pillar'd massy-proof,
Of some unfolding temple: on its height
Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks,
That, o'er the green roof spread, their fragrant food
Untended crop. As through this cavern path,
Involved in pensive thought, Aurelius pass'd,
Struck with sad echoes from the sounding vault
Remurmur'd shrill, he stopp'd, he raised his head,
And saw the assembled natives in a ring,
With wonder and with pity bending o'er
A shipwreck'd man. All motionless on earth
He lay: the living lustre from his eye,
The vermeil hue extinguish'd from his cheek,
And in their place, on each chill feature spread,
The shadowy cloud and ghastliness of death
With pale suffusion sat. So looks the moon,
So faintly wan, through hovering mists at eve,
Gray Autumn's train. Fast from his hairs distill'd
The briny wave, and close within his grasp
Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long

³ See Martin's Voyage to St. Kilda, p. 20.

Had stumm'd the flood with agonizing breast,
And struggled strong for life. Of youthful prime
He seem'd, and built by Nature's noblest hand,
Where bold proportion and where softening grace
Mix'd in each limb, and harmonized his frame.

Aurelius, from the breathless clay, his eye
To Heaven, imploring, raised ; then (for he knew
That life, within her central cell retired,
May lurk unseen, diminish'd but not quench'd,)
He bid transport it speedy through the vale
To his poor cell, that lonely stood and low,
Safe from the north, beneath a sloping hill ;
An antique frame, orbicular, and raised
On columns rude ; its roof with reverend moss
Light-shaded o'er ; its front in ivy hid,
That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand
They turn'd, they chafed his frozen limbs, and fumed
The vapoury air with aromatic smells ;
Then drops of sovereign efficacy, drawn
From mountain-plants, within his lips infused.
Slow from the mortal trance, as men from dreams
Of direful vision, shuddering he awakes ;
While life to scarce-felt motion faintly lifts
His fluttering pulse, and gradual o'er his cheeks
The rosy current wins its refluent way.
Recovering to new pain, his eyes he turn'd
Severe on Heaven, on the surrounding hills
With twilight dim, and on the crowd unknown,
Dissolved in tears around ; then closed again,
As loathing light and life. At length in sounds
Broken and eager, from his heaving breast
Distraction spoke—‘ Down, down with every sail !
Mercy, sweet Heaven !—Ha ! now whole ocean
sweeps
In tempest o'er our heads—My soul's last hope !

We will not part—Help! help! yon wave, behold!
 That swells betwixt, has borne her from my sight.
 O for a sun to light this black abyss!
 Gone—lost—for ever lost!' He ceased. Amaze
 And trembling on the pale assistants fell,
 Whom now with greeting and the words of peace
 Aurelius bid depart. A pause ensued,
 Mute, mournful, solemn. On the stranger's face
 Observant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard:
 Watchful, his ear each murmur, every breath,
 Attentive seized; now eager to begin
 Consoling speech; now doubtful to invade
 The sacred silence due to grief supreme:
 Then thus at last:—' O from devouring seas
 By miracle escaped! if, with thy life,
 Thy sense, return'd, can yet discern the Hand,
 All-wonderful, that through yon raging sea,
 Yon whirling waste of tempest, led thee safe,
 That Hand Divine with grateful awe confess,
 With prostrate thanks adore. When thou, alas!
 Wast number'd with the dead, and closed within
 The'unfathom'd gulf; when human hope was fled,
 And human help in vain,—the' Almighty Voice
 Then bade Destruction spare, and bade the deep
 Yield up its prey: that by his mercy saved,
 That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race,
 A monument of wonder as of love,
 May justify to all the sons of men,
 Thy brethren, ever present in their need.
 Such praise delights him most'—

He hears me not.

Some secret anguish, some transcendent woe,
 Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,
 Through the closed lids, now rolls in bitter stream!

‘ Yet speak thy soul, afflicted as thou art !
For know, by mournful privilege ‘tis mine,
Myself most wretched, and in Sorrow’s ways
Severely train’d, to share in every pang
The wretched feel, to sooth the sad of heart.
To number tear for tear and groan for groan
With every son and daughter of distress.
Speak then, and give thy labouring bosom vent :
My pity is, my friendship shall be, thine,
To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,
Through Reason’s paths, to happiness and heaven !’

The Hermit thus ; and, after some sad pause
Of musing wonder, thus the man unknown :

‘ What have I heard ?—On this untravell’d shore,
Nature’s last limit, hemm’d with oceans round
Howling and harbourless, beyond all faith
A comforter to find, whose language wears
The garb of civil life : a friend whose breast
The gracious meltings of sweet pity move !
Amazement all ! my grief to silence charm’d
Is lost in wonder—But, thou good unknown !
If woes for ever wedded to despair,
That wish no cure, are thine, behold in me
A meet companion ; one whom Earth and Heaven
Combine to curse ; whom never future morn
Shall light to joy, nor evening with repose
Descending shade—O, son of this wild world !
From social converse though for ever barr’d,
Though chill’d with endless winter from the pole,
Yet warm’d by goodness, form’d to tender sense
Of human woes beyond what milder climes,
By fairer suns attemper’d, courtly boast ;
O say, did e’er thy breast, in youthful life,
Touch’d by a beam from beauty all divine,
Did e’er thy bosom her sweet influence own,

In pleasing tumult pour'd through every vein,
And panting at the heart, when first our eye
Receives impression ? then, as passion grew,
Did Heaven consenting to thy wish indulge
That bliss no wealth can bribe, no power bestow,
That bliss of angels, love by love repaid ?
Heart streaming full to heart, in mutual flow
Of faith and friendship, tenderness and truth—
If these thy fate distinguish'd, thou wilt then,
My joys conceiving, image my despair,
How total ! how extreme ! for this, all this,
Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood,
Lies lost and buried there—O, awful Heaven !
Who to the wind and to the whelming wave
Her blameless head devoted, thou alone
Canst tell what I have lost !—O, ill-starr'd maid !
O most undone Amyntor !—Sighs and tears
And heart-heaved groans, at this his voice sup-
press'd ;

The rest was agony and dumb despair. [gloom
Now o'er their heads damp Night her stormy
Spread, ere the glimmering twilight was expired,
With huge and heavy horror closing round
In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful scene,
The moving tale, Aurelius deeply felt ;
And thus replied, as one in nature skill'd,
With soft-assenting sorrow in his look,
And words to sooth, not combat hopeless love.

‘ Amyntor, by that Heaven who sees thy tears,
By faith and friendship's sympathy divine,
Could I the sorrows heal I more than share,
This bosom, trust me, should from thine transfer
Its sharpest grief. Such grief, alas ! how just !
How long in silent anguish to descend,

When reason and when fondness o'er the tomb
Are fellow-mourners ! He who can resign
Has never loved ; and wert thou to the sense,
The sacred feeling of a loss like thine,
Cold and unsensible, thy breast were then
No mansion for humanity, or thought
Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love
And tender pity, whose kind tear adorns
The clouded cheek, and sanctifies the soul
They soften, not subdue. We both will mix
(For her thy virtue loved, thy truth laments,)
Our social sighs ; and still as Morn unveils
The brightening hill, or Evening's misty shade
Its brow obscures, her gracefulness of form,
Her mind all lovely, each ennobling each,
Shall be our frequent theme : then shalt thou hear
From me, in sad return, a tale of woes
So terrible—Amyator ! thy pain'd heart,
Amid its own, will shudder at the ills
That mine has bled with.—But behold ! the dark
And drowsy hour steals fast upon our talk :—
Here break we off ; and thou, sad mourner ! try
Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm
With timely sleep : each gracious wing from heaven,
Of those that minister to erring man,
Near-hovering, hush thy passions into calm ;
Serene thy slumbers with presented scenes
Of brightest vision ; whisper to thy heart
That holy peace which goodness ever shares,
And to us both be friendly as we need !'

CANTO II.

Now midnight rose, and o'er the general scene,
Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackest veil,
Vapour and cloud. Around the' unsleeping isle
Yet howl'd the whirlwind, yet the billow groan'd,
And in mix'd horror to Amyntor's ear [pall'd.
Borne through the gloom, his shrinking sense ap-
Shook by each blast, and swept by every wave,
Again pale Memory labours in the storm;
Again from her is torn, whom more than life
His fondness loved. And now another shower
Of sorrow o'er the dear unhappy maid
Effusive stream'd, till late, through every power
The soul subdued sunk sad to slow repose;
And all her darkening scenes, by dim degrees,
Were quench'd in total night:—a pause from pain
Not long to last: for Fancy, oft awake
While Reason sleeps, from her illusive cell
Call'd up wild shapes of visionary fear,
Of visionary bliss; the hour of rest
To mock with mimic shows. And, lo! the deeps
In airy tumult swell: beneath a hill
Amyntor heaves off overwhelming seas,
Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
The billow's back: anon, the shadowy world
Shifts to some boundless continent unknown,
Where solitary, o'er the starless void, [length,
Dumb Silence broods. Through heaths of dreary
Slow on he drags his staggering step, infirm
With breathless toil; hears torrent-floods afar
Roar through the wild, and, plunged in central caves,
Falls headlong many a fathom into night.

Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
And brightening with their glow the brown abyss,
Rose Theodora. Smiling, in her eye
Sat, without cloud, the soft-consenting soul,
That, guilt unknowing, had no wish to hide ;
A spring of sudden myrtles flowering round,
Their walk embower'd; while nightingales beneath
Sung spousals, as along the' enamel'd turf
They seem'd to fly, and interchanged their souls,
Melting in mutual softness. Thrice his arms
The fair encircled ; thrice she fled his grasp,
And fading into darkness mix'd with air—
' O, turn ! O, stay thy flight !'—so loud he cried,
Sleep and its train of humid vapours fled.
He groan'd, he gazed around ; his inward sense
Yet glowing with the vision's vivid beam,
Still on his eye the hovering shadow blazed ;
Her voice still murmur'd in his tinkling ear,
Grateful deception ! till returning thought
Left broad awake, amid the' incumbent lour
Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
His grief inflamed throb fresh in every vein.
To frenzy stung, upstarting from his couch,
The vale, the shore, with darkling step he roam'd,
Like some drear spectre from the grave unbound ;
Then scaling yonder cliff, prone o'er its brow
He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood, [voice,
Scarce from that height discern'd. Nor Reason's
Nor owed submission to the will of Heaven,
Restraints him ; but as passion whirls his thought,
Fond expectation, that perchance escaped,
Though passing all belief, the fraailer skiff,
To which himself had borne the' unhappy fair,
May yet be seen. Around o'er sea and shore

He roll'd his ardent eye, but nought around
On land or wave within his ken appears,
Nor skiff, nor floating corse, on which to shed
The last sad tear, and lay the covering mould.

And now, wide open'd by the wakeful hours
Heaven's orient gate, forth on her progress comes
Aurora smiling, and her purple lamp
Lifts high o'er earth and sea; while, all unveil'd,
The vast horizon on Amyntor's eye
Pours full its scenes of wonder, wildly great,
Magnificently various. From this steep
Diffused immense in rolling prospect lay
The northern deep: amidst, from space to space,
Her numerous isles, rich gems of Albion's crown,
As slow the' ascending mists disperse in air,
Shoot gradual from her bosom; and beyond,
Like distant clouds blue-floating on the verge
Of even'g skies, break forth the dawning hills.
A thousand landscapes, barren some and bare,
Rock piled on rock, amazing, up to Heaven,
Of horrid grandeur; some with sounding ash,
Or oak broad-shadowing, or the spiry growth
Of waving pine high-plumed; and all beheld
More lovely in the Sun's adorning beam,
Who now, fair rising o'er yon eastern cliff,
The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.

Meanwhile Aurelius, waked from sweet repose,
Repose that Temperance sheds in timely dews
On all who live to her, his mournful guest
Came forth to hail, as hospitable rites
And Virtue's rule enjoin; but first to him,
Spring of all charity, who gave the heart
With kindly sense to glow, his matin song,
Superior duty, thus the sage address'd:—

‘ Fountain of light ! from whom yon orient Sun
First drew his splendour : Source of life and love !
Whose smile now wakes o’er earth’s rekindling face
The boundless blush of Spring ; O, First and Best !
Thy essence though from human sight and search,
Though from the climb of all created thought
Ineffably removed ; yet man himself,
Thy lowest child of Reason, man may read
Unbounded power, intelligence supreme,
The Maker’s hand, on all his works impress’d,
In characters coëval with the Sun,
And with the Sun to last ; from world to world,
From age to age, in every clime, disclosed ;
Sole revelation, through all time the same.
Hail, universal Goodness ! with full stream
For ever flowing, from beneath the throne,
Through earth, air, sea, to all things that have life ;
From all that live on earth, in air, and sea,
The great community of Nature’s sons,
To thee, first Father, ceaseless praise ascend !
And in the reverent hymn my grateful voice
Be duly heard, among thy works not least,
Nor lowest, with intelligence inform’d,
To know thee and adore ; with free-will crown’d,
Where Virtue leads to follow and be bless’d.
O, whether by thy prime decree ordain’d
To days of future life ; or whether now
The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,
Parent and friend ! to guide me blaméless on
Through this dark scene of error and of ill,
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer :
All else, of me unask’d, thy will supreme
Withhold or grant, and let that will be done !’
This from the soul in silence breathed sincere,

The hill's steep side with firm elastic step
 He lightly scaled ; such health the frugal board,
 The Morn's fresh breath that exercise respires
 In mountain-walks, and conscience free from blame,
 Our life's best cordial, can through age prolong.
 There, lost in thought, and self-abandon'd, lay
 The man unknown ; nor heard approach his host,
 Nor raised his drooping head. Aurelius, moved
 By soft compassion, which the savage scene,
 Shut up and barr'd amid surrounding seas
 From human commerce, quicken'd into sense
 Of sharper sorrow, thus apart began :

‘ O sight, that from the eye of Wealth or Pride,
 E'en in their hour of vainest thought, might draw
 A feeling tear ! whom yesterday beheld
 By Love and Fortune crown'd, of all possess'd
 That fancy, tranced in fairest vision, dreams ;
 Now lost to all, each hope that softens life,
 Each bliss that cheers ; there on the damp earth
 spread,

Beneath a heaven unknown, behold him now !
 And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
 The proud, be taught what now the wretched feel,
 The happy have to fear. O man forlorn !
 Too plain I read thy heart, by fondness drawn
 To this sad scene, to sights that but inflame
 Its tender anguish——’

‘ Hear me, Heaven ! (exclaim'd
 The frantic mourner) could that anguish rise
 To madness and to mortal agony,
 I yet would bless my fate ; by one kind pang,
 From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought,
 For ever freed. To me the Sun is lost ;
 To me the future flight of days and years
 Is darkness, is despair.—But who complains

Forgets that he can die. O sainted Maid !
 For such in Heaven thou art ; if from thy seat
 Of holy rest, beyond these changeful skies,
 If names on earth most sacred once and dear,
 A lover and a friend, if yet these names
 Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
 To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown
 Thy lifeless limbs, that I—O grief supreme !
 O fate remorseless ! was thy lover saved
 For such a task ?—that I those dear remains,
 With maiden rites adorn'd, at last may lodge
 Beneath the hallow'd vault, and, weeping there
 O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to close
 These eyes in peace, and mix this dust with thine !

‘ Such, and so dire ; (replied the cordial friend,
 In Pity's look and language) such, alas !
 Were late my thoughts : whate'er the human heart
 Can most afflict, grief, agony, despair,
 Have all been mine, and with alternate war
 This bosom ravaged. Harken then, good Youth !
 My story mark, and from another's fate,
 Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
 Sad as it seems, to balance and to hear.

‘ In me a man behold, whose morn serene,
 Whose noon of better life, with honour spent,
 In virtuous purpose or in honest act,
 Drew fair distinction on my public name
 From those among mankind, the nobler few,
 Whose praise is fame ; but there, in that true source
 Whence happiness with purest stream descends,
 In home-found peace and love, supremely bless'd !
 Union of hearts, consent of wedded wills,
 By friendship knit, by mutual faith secured,
 Our hopes and fears, our earth and Heaven, the
 same !

At last, Amyntor, in my failing age
Fallen from such height, and with the felon-herd,
Robbers and outlaws, number'd—thought that still
Stings deep the heart, and clothes the cheek with
shame !

Then doom'd to feel what Guilt alone should fear,
The hand of public vengeance ; arm'd by rage,
Not justice ; raised to injure, not redress ;
To rob, not guard ; to ruin, not defend :
And all, O sovereign Reason ! all derived
From power that claims thy warrant to do wrong !
A right divine to violate unblamed
Each law, each rule, that, by himself observed,
The God prescribes whose sanction kings pretend !

‘ O Charles ! O monarch ! in long exile train'd,
Whole hopeless years the oppressor's hand to know
How hateful and how hard ; thyself relieved,
Now hear thy people, groaning under wrongs
Of equal load, adjure thee by those days
Of want and woe, of danger and despair,
As Heaven has thine, to pity their distress !

‘ Yet from the plain good meaning of my heart
Be far the unhallow'd licence of abuse ;
Be far the bitterness of saintly zeal,
That impious hid behind the patriot's name
Masks hate and malice to the legal throne
In justice founded, circumscribed by laws,
The prince to guard—but guard the people too ;
Chief one prime good to guard inviolate,
Soul of all worth, and sum of human bliss,
Fair freedom ! birthright of all thinking kinds,
Reason's great charter, from no king derived,
By none to be reclaim'd, man's right divine,
Which God, who gave, indelible pronounced.

‘ But if, disclaiming this his Heaven-own’d right,
This first best tenure by which monarchs rule ;
If, meant the blessing, he becomes the bane,
The wolf, not shepherd, of his subject-flock,
To grind and tear, not shelter and protect,
Wide-wasting where he reigns—to such a prince
Allegiance kept were treason to mankind,
And loyalty revolt from Virtue’s law :
For say, Amyntor ! does just Heaven enjoin
That we should homage Hell ? or bend the knee
To earthquake or volcano when they rage,
Rend Earth’s firm frame, and in one boundless grave
Ingulf their thousands ? Yet, O grief to tell !
Yet such, of late, o’er this devoted land
Was public rule. Our servile stripes and chains,
Our sighs and groans resounding from the steep
Of wintry hill, or waste untravell’d heath,
Last refuge of our wretchedness, not guilt,
Proclaim’d it loud to Heaven : the arm of power
Extended fatal, but to crush the head
It ought to screen, or with a parent’s love
Reclaim from error ; not with deadly hate,
The tyrant’s law, exterminate who err.

‘ In this wide ruin were my fortunes sunk ;
Myself, as one contagious to his kind,
Whom Nature, whom the social life, renounced,
Unsummon’d, unimpleaded, was to death,
To shameful death ! adjudged ; against my head
The price of blood proclaim’d, and at my heels
Let loose the murderous cry of human hounds :
And this blind fury of commissioned rage,
Of party-vengeance, to a fatal foe,
Known and abhorr’d for deeds of direst name,
Was given in charge ; a foe whom blood-stain’d zeal

For what—(O hear it not, all-righteous Heaven !
Lest thy roused thunder burst)—for what was
Religion's cause, had savaged to a brute [deem'd
More deadly fell, than hunger ever stung
To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm'd,
Sons of perdition, miscreants with all guilt
Familiar, and in each dire art of death
Train'd ruthless up : as tigers on their prey
On my defenceless lands those fiercer beasts
Devouring fell ; nor that sequester'd shade,
That sweet recess, where Love and Virtue long
In happy league had dwelt, which War itself
Beheld with reverence, could their fury scape ;
Despoil'd, defaced, and wrapp'd in wasteful flames ;
For flame and rapine their consuming march
From hill to vale by daily ruin mark'd.
So, borne by winds along, in baleful cloud,
Embodyed locusts from the wing descend
On herb, fruit, flower, and kill the ripening year ;
While, waste behind, destruction on their track
And ghastly famine wait. My wife and child
He dragg'd, the ruffian dragg'd—O Heaven ! do I,
A man, survive to tell it ?—At the hour
Sacred to rest, amid the sighs and tears
Of all who saw and cursed his coward rage,
He forced, unpitying from their midnight-bed,
By menace, or by torture, from their fears
My last retreat to learn, and still detains
Beneath his roof accursed, that best of wives,
Emilia ! and our only pledge of love,
My blooming Theodora !—Manhood there
And Nature bleed—Ah ! let not busy thought
Search thither, but avoid the fatal coast :
Discovery there once more my peace of mind

Might wreck, once more to desperation sink
My hopes in Heaven.' He said; but, O sad Muse!
Can all thy moving energy of power
To shake the heart, to freeze the arrested blood,
With words that weep and strains that agonize;
Can all this mournful magic of thy voice
Tell what Amyntor feels? ' O Heaven! art thou—
What have I heard?—Aurelius! art thou he!—
Confusion! horror!—that most wrong'd of men!
And, O most wretched too! alas! no more,
No more a father—on that fatal flood
Thy Theodora'—At these words he fell;
A deadly cold ran freezing through his veins,
And life was on the wing her loathed abode
For ever to forsake. As on his way
The traveller, from Heaven by lightning struck,
Is fix'd at once immovable, his eye
With terror glaring wild, his stiffening limbs
In sudden marble bound; so stood, so look'd,
The heart-smote parent at this tale of death,
Half utter'd, yet too plain. No sigh to rise,
No tear had force to flow; his senses all,
Through all their powers, suspended, and subdued
To chill amazement. Silence for a space—
(Such dismal silence saddens earth and sky
Ere first the thunder breaks)—on either side
Fill'd up this interval severe. At last,
As from some vision that to frenzy fires
The sleeper's brain, Amyntor waking wild,
A poniard, hid beneath his various robe,
Drew furious forth—' Me, me, (he cried) on me
Let all thy wrongs be visited, and thus
My horrors end'—then madly would have plunged
The weapon's hostile point.—His lifted arm

Aurelius, though with deep dismay and dread,
And anguish shook, yet his superior soul
Collecting, and resuming all himself,
Seized sudden; then perusing with strict eye
And beating heart Amyntor's blooming form,
Nor from his air or feature gathering aught
To wake remembrance, thus at length bespoke:

'O dire attempt! whoe'er thou art, yet stay
Thy hand self-violent, nor thus to guilt,
If guilt is thine, accumulating add
A crime that Nature shrinks from, and to which
Heaven has indulged no mercy. Sovereign Judge!
Shall man first violate the law divine,
That placed him here dependent on thy nod,
Resign'd, unmurmuring, to' await his hour
Of fair dismissal hence; shall man do this,
Then dare thy presence, rush into thy sight,
Red with the sin and recent from the stain
Of unrepented blood?—Call home thy sense;
Know what thou art, and own His hand most just,
Rewarding or afflicting—But say on;
My soul, yet trembling at thy frantic deed,
Recalls thy words, recalls their dire import:
They urge me on, they bid me ask no more—
What would I ask? my Theodora's fate,
Ah me! is known too plain. Have I then sinn'd,
Good Heaven! beyond all grace—But shall I
His rage of grief, and in myself admit [blame
Its wild excess? Heaven gave her to my wish;
That gift Heaven has resumed; righteous in both:
For both his providence be ever bless'd!'

By shame repress'd, with rising wonder fill'd,
Amyntor slow-recovering into thought,
Submissive on his knee the good man's hand

Grasp'd close, and bore with ardour to his lips :
His eye, where fear, confusion, reverence, spoke,
Through swelling tears, what language cannot tell,
Now rose to meet, now shunn'd the Hermit's glance,
Shot awful at him, till the various swell
Of passion ebbing, thus he faltering spoke :

‘ What hast thou done ? why saved a wretch
unknown ?

Whom knowing e'en thy goodness must abhor.
Mistaken man ! the honour of thy name,
Thy love, truth, duty, all must be my foes.
I am—Aurelius ! turn that look aside,
That brow of terror, while this wretch can say,
Abhorrent say, he is—Forgive me, Heaven !
Forgive me, Virtue ! if I would renounce
Whom Nature bids me reverence—by her bond
Rolando's son ; by your more sacred ties,
As to his crimes an alien to his blood ;
For crimes like his—

‘ Rolando's son ! Just Heaven !
Ha ! here ? and in my power ? a war of thoughts,
All terrible arising, shakes my frame
With doubtful conflict. By one stroke to reach
The father's heart, though seas are spread between,
Were great revenge !—Away ! revenge ! on whom ?
Alas ! on my own soul ; by rage betray'd
E'en to the crime my reason most condemns
In him who ruin'd me.’—Deep-moved he spoke,
And his own poniard o'er the prostrate youth
Suspended held : but as the welcome blow,
With arms display'd, Amyntor seem'd to court,
Behold in sudden confluence gathering round
The natives stood, whom kindness hither drew ;
The man unknown with each relieving aid

Of love and care, as ancient rites ordain,
To succour and to serve. Before them came
Montano, venerable sage ! whose head
The hand of Time with twenty winters' snow
Had shower'd, and to whose intellectual eye
Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,
Stands in fair light disclosed. Him, after pause,
Aurelius drew apart, and in his care
Amyntor placed, to lodge him and secure :
To save him from himself, as one with grief
Tempestuous, and with rage, distemper'd deep :—
This done, nor waiting for reply, alone
He sought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

CANTO III.

WHERE Kilda's southern hills their summit lift
With triple fork to Heaven, the mounted Sun
Full, from the midmost, shot in dazzling stream
His noon-tide ray : and now, in lowing train,
Were seen slow-pacing westward o'er the vale
The milky mothers, foot pursuing foot,
And nodding as they move ; their oozy meal,
The bitter healthful herbage of the shore,
Around its rocks to graze⁴ ; for, strange to tell !
The hour of ebb, though ever varying found,

⁴ The cows often feed on the *algæ marina*, and they can distinguish exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood, though, at the same time, they are not within view of the shore. When the tide has ebbed about two hours, then they steer their course directly to the nearest shore, in their usual order, one after another. I had occasion to make this observation thirteen times in one week.—*Martin's Western Isles of Scotland*, p. 156.

As yon pale planet wheels from day to day
Her course inconstant, their sure instinct feels,
Intelligent of times ; by Heaven's own hand,
To all its creatures equal in its care,
Unerring moved. These signs observed, that guide
To labour and repose a simple race,
These native signs to due repast at noon,
Frugal and plain, had warn'd the temperate isle,
All but Aurelius : he, unhappy man !
By Nature's voice solicited in vain,
Nor hour observed, nor due repast partook.
The child no more ! the mother's fate untold !
Both in black prospect rising to his eye—
'Twas anguish there ; 'twas here distracting doubt !
Yet after long and painful conflict borne,
Where Nature, Reason, oft the doubtful scale
Inclined alternate, summoning each aid
That Virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm
Superior rising, in the might of Him [light,
Who strength from weakness, as from darkness
Omnipotent can draw, again resign'd,
Again he sacrificed to Heaven's high will
Each soothing weakness of a parent's breast,
The sigh soft memory prompts, the tender tear,
That streaming o'er an object loved and lost,
With mournful magic tortures and delights ;
Relieves us, while its sweet oppression loads,
And by admitting, blunts the sting of woe.

As Reason thus the mental storm serened,
And through the darkness shot her sun-bright ray
That strengthens while it cheers, behold from far
Amyntor slow approaching ! on his front
O'er each sunk feature Sorrow had diffused
Attraction sweetly sad : his noble port,

Majestic in distress, Aurelius mark'd,
And, unresisting, felt his bosom flow
With social softness. Straight before the door
Of his moss-silver'd cell they sat them down
In counterview ; and thus the youth began :—

‘ With patient ear, with calm attention, mark
Amyntor’s story ; then, as Justice sees,
On either hand her equal balance weigh,
Absolve him or condemn—But, oh ! may I
A father’s name, when truth forbids to praise,
Unblamed pronounce ? that name to every son
By Heaven made sacred, and by Nature’s hand,
With honour, duty, love, her triple pale,
Fenced strongly round, to bar the rude approach
Of each irreverent thought.—These eyes, alas !
The cursed effects of sanguinary zeal,
Too near beheld, its madness how extreme,
How blind its fury, by the prompting priest,
Each tyrant’s ready instrument of ill,
Train’d on to holy mischief : scene abhorr’d !
Fell Cruelty, let loose in Mercy’s name ;
Intolerance, while o’er the free-born mind
Her heaviest chains were cast, her iron scourge
Severest hung ; yet daring to appeal
That Power whose law is meekness, and for deeds
That outrage Heaven belieing Heaven’s command.

‘ Flexile of will, misjudging, though sincere,
Rolando caught the spread infection, plunged
Implicit into guilt, and headlong urged
His course unjust to violence and rage ;
Unmanly rage ! when nor the charm divine
Of beauty, nor the matron’s sacred age,
Secure from wrongs could innocence secure,
Found reverence or distinction : yet sustain’d

By conscious worth within, the matchless pair
Their threatening fate, imprisonment, and scorn,
And death denounced, unshrinking, unsubdued
To murmur or complaint, superior bore,
What patient hope, with fortitude resign'd,
Not built on pride, not courting vain applause ;
But calmly constant, without effort great,
What Reason dictates, and what Heaven approves.

‘ But how proceed, Aurelius ?—in what sounds
Of gracious cadence, of assuasive power,
My further story clothe ? O could I steal
From Harmony her softest warbled strain
Of melting air, or Zephyr’s vernal voice,
Or Philomela’s song, when love dissolves
To liquid blandishment his evening lay,
All Nature smiling round ! then might I speak ;
Then might Amyntor, unoffending, tell
How unperceived and secret through his breast,
As morning rises o’er the midnight shade,
What first was owed humanity to both,
Assisting piety and tender thought,
Grew swift and silent into love for one ;
My sole offence—if love can then offend,
When virtue lights and reverence guards its flame.

‘ O Theodora ! who thy world of charms,
That soul of sweetness, that soft glow of youth,
Warm on thy cheek, and beaming from thine eye,
Unmoved could see ? that dignity of ease,
That grace of air, by happy Nature thine !
For all in thee was native ; from within
Spontaneous flowing, as some equal stream
From its unfailing source ! and then, too, seen
In milder lights ; by Sorrow’s shading hand
Touch’d into power more exquisitely soft,

By tears adorn'd, intender'd by distress.
O sweetness without name ! when Love looks on
With Pity's melting eye, that to the soul
Endears, ennobles, her whom Fate afflicts,
Or Fortune leaves unhappy ! passion then
Refines to virtue : then a purer train
Of Heaven-inspired emotions, undebased
By self-regard, or thought of due return,
The breast expanding, all its powers exalt
To emulate what Reason best conceives
Of love celestial, whose preventient aid
Forbids approaching ill, or gracious draws,
When the lone heart with anguish inly bleeds,
From pain its sting, its bitterness from woe !

‘ By this plain courtship of the honest heart
To pity moved, at length my pleaded vows
The gentle maid with unreluctant ear
Would oft admit ; would oft endearing crown
With smiles of kind assent ; with looks that spoke,
In blushing softness, her chaste bosom touch'd
To mutual love. O Fortune's fairest hour !
O seen, but not enjoy'd ; just hail'd and lost
Its flattering brightness ! Theodora's form,
Event unfear'd ! had caught Rolando's eye ;
And Love, if wild Desire, of Fancy born,
By furious passions nursed, that sacred name
Profanes not ; Love, his stubborn breast dissolved
To transient goodness.—But my thought shrinks
Reluctant to proceed ; and filial awe, [back,
With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime
The veil of silence and oblivious night
Permitted throw. His impious suit repell'd,
Awed from her eye, and from her lip severe
Dash'd with indignant scorn each harbour'd thought

Of soft emotion or of social sense,
Love, pity, kindness, alien to a soul
That bigot-rage imbosoms, fled at once,
And all the savage reassumed his breast.
“ ‘Tis just (he cried) who thus invites disdain,
Deserves repulse ; he who, by slave-like arts,
Would meanly steal what force may nobler take,
And, greatly daring, dignify the deed.
When next we meet, our mutual blush to spare,
Thine from dissembling, from base flattery mine,
Shall be my care.”—This threat, by brutal scorn
Keen’d and imbitter’d, terrible to both,
To one proved fatal. Silent-wasting grief,
The mortal worm that on Emilia’s frame [powers
Had prey’d unseen, now deep through all her
Its poison spread, and kill’d their vital growth.
Sickening, she sunk beneath this double weight
Of shame and horror.—Dare I yet proceed?—
Aurelius! O most injured of mankind!
Shall yet my tale, exasperating, add
To woe new anguish? and to grief despair—
She is no more—

‘ O Providence severe! ’

Aurelius smote his breast and groaning cried ;
But curb’d a second groan, repell’d the voice
Of froward grief, and to the Will Supreme,
In justice awful, lowly bending his,
Nor sigh, nor murmur, nor repining plaint,
By all the war of Nature though assail’d,
Escaped his lips—‘ What! shall we from Heaven’s
With life receiving happiness, our share [grace
Or ill refuse? and are afflictions aught
But mercies in disguise? the’ alternate cup,
Medicinal though bitter, and prepared

By Love's own hand for salutary ends.
But, were they ill indeed, can fond Complaint
Arrest the wing of Time? Can Grief command
This noon-day sun to roll his flaming orb
Back to yon eastern coast, and bring again
The hours of yesterday? or from the womb
Of that unsounded deep, the buried corse
To light and life restore? Bless'd pair! farewell!
Yet, yet a few short days of erring grief,
Of human fondness sighing in the breast,
And sorrow is no more,—Now, gentle youth!
And let me call thee son, (for, O! that name
Thy faith, thy friendship, thy true portion borne
Of pains for me, too sadly have deserved)
On with thy tale: 'tis mine, when Heaven afflicts,
To hearken and adore.'—The patient man
Thus spoke; Amyntor thus his story closed:
‘ As dumb with anguish round the bed of death
Weeping we knelt, to mine she faintly raised
Her closing eyes, then fixing, in cold gaze,
On Theodora's face—“ O save my child!”
She said; and shrinking from her pillow, slept
Without a groan, a pang. In hallow'd earth
I saw her shrouded; bade eternal peace
Her shade receive; and with the truest tears
Affection ever wept, her dust bedew'd.

‘ What then remain'd for honour or for love?
What, but that scene of violence to fly,
With guilt profaned, and terrible with death,
Rolando's fatal roof. Late at the hour,
When shade and silence o'er this nether orb
With drowsiest influence reign, the waning moon
Ascending mournful in the midnight sphere,
On that drear spot within whose cavern'd womb
Emilia sleeps, and by the turf that veils

Her honour'd clay, alone and kneeling there
I found my Theodora! thrill'd with awe,
With sacred terror, which the time, the place,
Pour'd on us, sadly-solemn, I too bent
My trembling knee, and lock'd in hers my hand,
Across her parent's grave:—"By this dread scene!
By Night's pale regent! by yon glorious train
Of ever-moving fires that round her burn!
By Death's dark empire! by the sheeted dust
That once was man, now mouldering here below!
But chief by hers, at whose nocturnal tomb
Reverent we kneel! and by her nobler part,
The' unbodied spirit hovering near, perhaps
As witness to our vows! nor time, nor chance,
Nor aught but Death's inevitable hand,
Shall e'er divide our loves."—I led her thence,
To where, safe station'd in a secret bay,
Rough of descent, and brown with pendent pines
That murmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd.
We sail'd—But, O my father! can I speak
What yet remains? yon ocean, black with storm!
Its useless sails rent from the groaning pine!
The speechless crew aghast! and that lost fair!
Still, still I see her! feel her heart pant thick!
And hear her voice, in ardent vows to Heaven
For me alone preferr'd; as on my arm
Expiring, sinking, with her fears she hung!
I kiss'd her pale cold cheek! with tears adjur'd,
And won at last, with sums of proffer'd gold,
The boldest mariners this precious charge
Instant to save, and in the skiff secured,
Their oars across the foamy flood to ply
With unremitting arm. I then prepared
To follow her.—That moment from the deck
A sea swell'd o'er, and plunged me in the gulf;

Nor me alone; its broad and billowing sweep
Must have involved her too. Mysterious Heaven!
My fatal love on her devoted head
Drew down—it must be so!—the judgment due
To me and mine; or was Amyntor saved
For its whole quiver of remaining wrath?
For storms more fierce? for pains of sharper sting?
And years of death to come?—Nor further voice
Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief supplied;
With arms out-spread, with eyes in hopeless gaze
To Heaven uplifted, motionless and mute
He stood, the mournful semblance of Despair.

The lamp of day, though from mid-noon declined,
Still flaming with full ardour, shot on earth,
Oppressive brightness round, till in soft steam,
From Ocean's bosom his light vapours drawn,
With grateful intervention o'er the sky
Their veil diffusive spread, the scene abroad
Soft shadowing vale and plain and dazzling hill.
Aurelius with his guest the western cliff
Ascending slow, beneath its marble roof,
From whence in double stream a lucid source
Roll'd sounding forth, and where with dewy wing
Fresh breezes play'd, sought refuge and repose,
Till cooler hours arise. The subject isle,
Her village-capital, where Health and Peace
Are tutelary gods, her small domain
Of arable and pasture, vein'd with streams
That branching bear refreshful moisture on
To field and mead, her straw-roof'd temple rude,
Where Piety, not Pride, adoring kneels,
Lay full in view: from scene to scene around
Aurelius gazed, and, sighing, thus began:—

‘ Not we alone; alas! in every clime
The human race are sons of sorrow born;
Heirs of transmitted labour and disease,
Of pain and grief, from sire to son derived,
All have their mournful portion; all must bear
The’ imposed condition of their mortal state,
Vicissitude of suffering! Cast thine eye
Where yonder vale, Amyntor, sloping spreads
Full to the noon-tide beam its primrose lap,
From hence due east.’ Amyntor look’d and saw,
Not without wonder at a sight so strange,
Where thrice three females, earnest each and arm’d
With rural instruments, the soil prepared
For future harvest. These the trenchant spade,
To turn the mould and break the’ adhesive clods,
Employ’d assiduous; those, with equal pace,
And arm alternate, strew’d its fresh lap white
With fruitful Ceres; while, in train behind,
Three more the’ incumbent harrow heavy on
O’er-labour’d drew, and closed the toilsome task.

‘ Behold! (Aurelius thus his speech renew’d)
From that soft sex, too delicately framed
For toils like these, the task of rougher man,
What yet necessity demands severe,
Twelve suns have purpled these encircling hills
With orient beams, as many nights along
Their dewy summits drawn the’ alternate veil
Of darkness, since, in unpropitious hour,
The husbands of those widow’d mates, who now
For both must labour, launch’d in quest of food,
Their island-skiff adventurous on the deep:
Them, while the sweeping net secure they plunged
The finny race to snare, whose foodful shoals

Each creek and bay innumerable crowd,
As annual on from shore to shore they move
In watery caravan; them, thus intent,
Dark from the south a gust of furious wind,
Unspringing, drove to sea, and left in tears
This little world of brothers and of friends!
But when, at evening-hour, disjointed planks,
Borne on the surging tide, and broken oars,
To sight, with fatal certainty, reveal'd
The wreck before surmised, one general groan
To Heaven ascending, spoke the general breast
With sharpest anguish pierced. Their ceaseless
plaint, [shore,
Through these hoarse rocks on this resounding
At morn was heard; at midnight, too, were seen,
Disconsolate on each chill mountain's height,
The mourners spread, exploring land and sea
With eager gaze—till from yon lesser isle,
Yon round of moss-clad hills, Borera named—
Full north, behold! above the soaring lark
Its dizzy cliffs aspire, hung round and white
With curling mists:—at last from yon hoar hills,
Inflaming the brown air with sudden blaze
And ruddy undulation, thrice three fires,
Like meteors waving in a moonless sky,
(Our eyes, yet unbelieving, saw distinct,)
Successive kindled, and from night to night
Renew'd continuous. Joy, with wild excess,
Took her gay turn to reign; and Nature now
From rapture wept; yet ever and anon
By sad conjecture damp'd, and anxious thought
How from yon rocky prison to release
Whom the deep sea immures (their only boat
Destroy'd) and whom the' inevitable siege

Of hunger must assault. But hope sustains
 The human heart; and now their faithful wives,
 With love-taught skill, and vigour not their own,
 On yonder field the' autumnal year prepare⁵.'

Amyntor, who the tale distressful heard
 With sympathizing sorrow, on himself,
 On his severer fate, now pondering deep,
 Rapt by sad thought, the hill unheeding left,
 And reach'd, with swerving step, the distant strand.
 Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,
 Or sailing level on the polar gale
 That cool with evening rose, a thousand wings,
 The summer nations of these pregnant cliffs,
 Play'd sportive round, and to the Sun outspread
 Their various plumage, or in wild notes hail'd
 His parent-beam that animates and cheers
 All living kinds: he, glorious from amidst
 A pomp of golden clouds, the' Atlantic flood
 Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breast
 Waved one unbounded blush; a scene to strike
 Both ear and eye with wonder and delight!
 But, lost to outward sense, Amyntor pass'd
 Regardless on, through other walks convey'd
 Of baleful prospect, which pale Fancy raised
 Incessant to herself, and sabled o'er
 With darkest night, meet region for despair!
 Till northward, where the rock its sea-wash'd base
 Projects athwart and shuts the bounded scene,
 Rounding its point, he raised his eyes and saw,
 At distance saw, descending on the shore,

⁵ The Author who relates this story adds, that the produce of grain that season was the most plentiful they had seen for many years before. Vide *Martia's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland*, p. 286.

Forth from their anchor'd boat, of men unknown
A double band, who by their gestures strange
There fix'd him wondering; for at once they knelt,
With hands upheld; at once to Heaven, as seem'd,
One general hymn pour'd forth of vocal praise;
Then slowly rising, forward moved their steps:
Slow as they moved, behold! amid the train,
On either side supported, onward came
Pale, and of piteous look, a pensive maid,
As one by wasting sickness sore assail'd,
Or plunged in grief profound—‘Oh! all ye Powers!’
Amyntor, starting, cried; and shot his soul
In rapid glance before him on her face:
‘ Illusion! no—it cannot be. My blood
Runs chill; my feet are rooted here—and, see!
To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form.
The spirits who this ocean waste and wild
Still hover round, or walk these isles unseen,
Presenting oft in pictured vision strange
The dead or absent, have yon shape adorn'd.
So like my love, of unsubstantial air,
Embodied, featured it with all her charms—
And, lo! behold! its eyes are fix'd on mine
With gaze transported—Ha! she faints, she falls!
He ran, he flew: his clasping arms received
Her sinking weight—‘O Earth, and Air, and Sea!
‘Tis she! ‘tis Theodora! Power divine,
Whose goodness knows no bound, thy hand is here,
Omnipotent in mercy!—As he spoke,
Adown his cheek, through shivering joy and doubt,
The tear fast-falling stream'd. ‘My love! my life!
Soul of my wishes! saved beyond all faith!
Return to life and me. O fly, my friends,
Fly, and from yon translucent fountain bring
The living stream. Thou dearer to my soul

Than all the sumless wealth this sea entombs,
My Theodora! yet awake: 'tis I,
'Tis poor Amyntor calls thee!—At that name,
That potent name, her spirit from the verge
Of death recall'd, she, trembling, raised her eyes;
Trembling, his neck with eager grasp entwined,
And murmur'd out his name, then sunk again;
Then swoon'd upon his bosom through excess
Of bliss unhop'd, too mighty for her frame.
The rosebud thus, that to the beam serene
Of morning, glad unfolds her tender charms,
Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.

Moments of dread suspense—but soon to cease!
For now, while on her face these men unknown
The stream, with cool aspersion, busy cast,
His eyes beheld, with wonder and amaze,
Beheld in them—his friends! the adventurous few,
Who bore her to the skiff! whose daring skill
Had saved her from the deep! As o'er her cheek
Rekindling life, like morn, its light diffused
In dawning purple, from their lips he learn'd
How to yon isle, yon round of moss-clad hills,
Borera named, before the tempest borne,
These islanders, thrice three, then prison'd there,
(So Heaven ordain'd) with utmost peril run,
With toil invincible, from shelve and rock
Their boat preserved, and to this happy coast
Its prow directed safe—He heard no more;
The rest already known, his every sense,
His full-collected soul, on her alone [sounds,
Was fix'd, was hung enraptured, while these
This voice, as of an angel, pierced his ear:
‘Amyntor! O my life's recover'd hope!
My soul's despair and rapture!—can this be?

Am I on earth ? and do these arms indeed
 Thy real form infold ? Thou dreadful deep !
 Ye shores unknown ! ye wild-impending hills !
 Dare I yet trust my sense ?—O yes, 'tis he !
 'Tis he himself ! My eyes, my bounding heart,
 Confess their living lord !—What shall I say ?
 How vent the boundless transport that expands
 My labouring thought ? the' unutterable bliss,
 Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death
 The breast they charm ?—Amyntor, O support
 This swimming brain ; I would not now be torn
 Again from life and thee, nor cause thy heart
 A second pang.—At this dilated high
 The swell of joy, most fatal where its force
 Is felt most exquisite, a timely vent
 Now found, and broke in tender dews away
 Of heart relieving tears. As o'er its charge,
 With sheltering wing, solicitously good,
 The guardian genius hovers ; so the youth,
 On her loved face assiduous and alarm'd,
 In silent fondness dwelt, while all his soul
 With trembling tenderness of hope and fear
 Pleasingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her ;
 The roused emotions warring in her breast,
 Attempering, to compose, and gradual fit
 For further joy her soft impressive frame.

‘ O happy ! though as yet thou know'st not half
 The bliss that waits thee ! but, thou gentlest mind,
 Whose sigh is pity, and whose smile is love,
 For all who joy or sorrow, arm thy breast
 With that best temperance, which from fond excess,
 When rapture lifts to dangerous height its powers,
 Reflective guards. Know then—and let calm
 thought

On wonder wait—safe refuged in this isle,
Thy godlike father lives ! and, lo !—but curb,
Repress the transport that o'erheaves thy heart ;
'Tis he—look yonder—he, whose reverend steps
The mountain's side descend !—Abrupt from his
Her hand she drew, and, as on wings upborne,
Shot o'er the space between. He saw, he knew,
Astonish'd knew, before him, on her knee,
His Theodora ! To his arms he raised
The lost loved fair, and in his bosom press'd.
' My father !'—' O my child !' at once they cried :
Nor more ; the rest ecstatic silence spoke,
And Nature from her inmost seat of sense
Beyond all utterance moved. On this bless'd scene,
Where emulous in either bosom strove
Adoring gratitude, Earth, Ocean, Air,
Around with softening aspect seem'd to smile,
And Heaven, approving, look'd delighted down.

Nor theirs alone this blissful hour ; the joy,
With instant flow, from shore to shore along
Diffusive ran, and all the' exulting isle
About the new-arrived was pour'd abroad,
To hope long lost, by miracle regain'd !
In each plain bosom Love and Nature wept ;
While each a sire, a husband, or a friend,
Embracing held and kiss'd.

Now, while the song,
The choral hymn, in wildly-warbled notes,
What Nature dictates when the full heart prompts,
Best harmony, their grateful souls effused
Aloud to Heaven ! Montano, reverend seer,
(Whose eye prophetic far through Time's abyss
Could shoot its beam, and there the births of Fate,
Yet immature and in their causes hid,

Illumined see) a space abstracted stood ;
His frame with shivery horror stirr'd, his eyes
From outward vision held, and all the man
Entranced in wonder at the' unfolding scene,
On fluid air, as in a mirror seen,
And glowing radiant, to his mental sight.

‘ They fly ! (he cried) they melt in air away,
The clouds that long fair Albion's heaven o'er cast !
With tempest deluged, or with flame devour'd,
Her drooping plains ; while, dawning rosy round,
A purer morning lights up all her skies !
He comes, behold ! the great deliverer comes !
Immortal William ! borne triumphant on,
From yonder orient, o'er propitious seas,
White with the sails of his unnumber'd fleet,
A floating forest, stretch'd from shore to shore !
See ! with spread wing Britannia's genius flies
Before his prow, commands the speeding gales
To waft him on, and o'er the hero's head,
Inwreath'd with olive, bears the laurel crown ;
Bless'd emblem, peace with liberty restored !
And hark ! from either strand, which nations hide,
To welcome in true freedom's day renew'd,
What thunders of acclaim !—Aurelius ! man
By Heaven beloved, thou, too, that sacred Sun
Shalt live to hail ; shalt warm thee in his shrine !
I see thee on the flowery lap diffused
Of thy loved vale, amid a smiling race
From this bless'd pair to spring ; whom equal faith,
And equal fondness, in soft league shall hold
From youth to reverend age, the calmer hours
Of thy last day to sweeten and adorn,
Through life thy comfort, and in death thy crown !

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'TWAS at the silent solemn hour
When night and morning meet,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

*** - on April morn

own;
at wear,
rown.

ging flower

cheek,

nker-worm,
ime:
left her cheek;
me.

hy true love calls,
ight grave;
r the maid
o save.



M A L L E T.
In gilded Margaret's gaudy Ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

William & Margaret.

*Published at Gant's Alley, by John Sharpe,
Finsbury.*



‘ This is the dumb and dreary hour
When injured ghosts complain,
When yawning graves give up their dead
To haunt the faithless swain.

‘ Bethink thee, William ! of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath ;
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

‘ Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

‘ How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

‘ Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale ?
And why did I, young witless maid !
Believe the flattering tale ?

‘ That face, alas ! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red :
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

‘ The hungry worm my sister is ;
This winding-sheet I wear ;
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

‘ But hark ! the cock has warn’d me hence ;
 A long and late adieu !—
 Come see, false man ! how low she lies
 Who died for love of you.’

The lark sung loud, the morning smiled
 With beams of rosy red ;
 Pale William quaked in every limb,
 And, raving, left his bed.

He bled him to the fatal place
 Where Margaret’s body lay,
 And stretch’d him on the green grass turf
 That wrapp’d her breathless clay.

And thrice he call’d on Margaret’s name,
 And thrice he wept full sore ;
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
 And word spoke never more¹ !

¹ In a comedy of Fletcher, called ‘ The Knight of the Burning Pestle,’ old Merrythought enters, repeating the following verses :

When it was grown to dark midnight,
 And all were fast asleep,
 In came Margaret’s grimly ghost,
 And stood at William’s feet.

This was, probably, the beginning of some ballad commonly known at the time when that author wrote : and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament, and simple as they are, struck my fancy ; and, bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing Poem.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

Mark it, Cesario, it is true and plain ;
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
 And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
 Do use to chant it : it is silly sooth,
 And dallies with the innocence of love.
 Like the old age. SHAKSP. *Twelfth Night.*

FAR in the windings of a vale,
 Fast by a sheltering wood,
 The safe retreat of Health and Peace,
 An humble cottage stood :

¹ Extract of a letter from the Curate of Bowes, in Yorkshire, on the subject of this poem, to Mr. Copperthwaite, at Marwick.

‘ Worthy Sir,
 ‘ As to the affair mentioned in yours, it happened long before my time : I have therefore been obliged to consult my clerk, and another person in the neighbourhood, for the truth of that melancholy event. The history of it is as follows.— The family name of the young man was Wrightson, of the young maiden Railton. They were both much of the same age, that is, growing up to twenty. In their birth was no disparity ; but in fortune, alas ! she was his inferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his toil acquired a handsome competency, expected and required that his son should marry suitably ; but as *amor vincit omnia*, his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young creature already named. Their courtship, which was all by stealth, unknown to the family, continued about a year : when it was found out, old Wrightson, his wife, and particularly their crooked daughter Hannah, flouted at the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt ; for they held it as a maxim, and a rustic one it is, ‘ that blood was nothing without groats.’ The young lover sickened, and took to his bed about Shrove Tuesday, and died

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair
 Beneath a mother's eye,
 Whose only wish on earth was now
 To see her bless'd and die.

The softest blush that Nature spreads,
 Gave colour to her cheek ;
 Such orient colour smiles through Heaven
 When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
 This charmer of the plains ;
 That Sun which bids their diamond blaze,
 To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
 Each maiden with despair,
 And though by all a wonder own'd,
 Yet knew not she was fair ;

the Sunday se'nnight after. On the last day of his illness he desired to see his mistress : she was civilly received by the mother, who bid her welcome—when it was too late : but her daughter Hannah lay at his back, to cut them off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts. At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his departure, she screamed aloud that her heart was burst, and expired some moments after. The then curate of Bowes* inserted it in his register that they both died of love, and were buried in the same grave, March 15, 1714.

‘ I am,
 ‘ Dear Sir,
 ‘ Your’s,’ &c.

* Bowes is a small village in Yorkshire, where, in former times, the Earls of Richmond had a castle. It stands on the edge of that vast and mountainous tract named by the neighbouring people *Stanemore*, which is always exposed to wind and weather, desolate and solitary throughout.

CAMD. BRIT.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains !
A soul devoid of art,
And from whose eyes, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd ;
For neither bosom lodged a wish,
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow !
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where Fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill
Each darker art employ'd :

The father too, a sordid man !
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the clod
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And seen it long unmoved,
Then, with a father's frown, at last
Had sternly disapproved.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war
Of differing passions strove ;
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft, too, on Stanemore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast;
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed,
And wearied Heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrow shed.

'Tis pass'd (he cried)—but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
What they must ever love.'

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bathed with many a tear:
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale
So morning dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she!
Forbade what Emma came to say,—
'My Edwin! live for me.'

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale—
When, lo ! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door—
' He's gone ! (she cried) and I shall see
That angel-face no more !

' I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side—'
From her white arm down sunk her head ;
She shivering sigh'd, and died.

THE EXCURSION¹.

In Two Cantos.

CONTENTS.

CANTO I.

Invocation, addressed to Fancy. Subject proposed. A short excursive survey of the earth and heavens. The poem opens with a description of the face of Nature in the different scenes of morning, sun-rise, noon, with a thunder-storm, evening, night, and a particular night-piece, with the character of a friend deceased. With the return of morning, Fancy continues her excursion; first northward—a view of the Arctic continent and the deserts of Tartary—from thence southward; a general prospect of the globe, followed by another of the midland part of Europe, suppose Italy. A city there upon the point of being swallowed up by an earthquake: signs that usher it in: described in its causes and effects, at length—Eruption of a burning mountain, happening at the same time and from the same causes, likewise described.

CANTO II.

Contains, on the same plan, a survey of the solar system and of the fixed stars.

CANTO I.

COMPANION of the Muse, creative power,
Imagination ! at whose great command
Arise unnumber'd images of things,
Thy hourly offspring; thou who canst at will
People with air-born shapes the silent wood

¹ This Poem is among the Author's earliest performances. Whether the writing may, in some degree, atone for the irregularity of the composition, (which he confesses, and does not even attempt to excuse,) is submitted entirely to the candour of the reader.

And solitary vale, thy own domain,
Where Contemplation haunts; oh! come, invoked,
To waft me on thy many-tinctured wing
O'er earth's extended space; and thence, on high,
Spread to superior worlds thy bolder flight,
Excursive, unconfined: hence from the haunts
Of vice and folly, vanity and man,—
To you expanse of plains where Truth delights,
Simple of heart, and hand in hand with her
Where blameless Virtue walks. Now parting
Spring,

Parent of beauty and of song, has left
His mantle, flower-embroider'd, on the ground,
While Summer laughing comes, and bids the
Months

Crown his prime season with their choicest stores,
Fresh roses opening to the solar ray,
And fruits slow-swelling on the loaded bough..

Here let me frequent roam, preventing morn,
Attentive to the cock, whose early throat,
Heard from the distant village in the vale,
Crows cheerly out, far-sounding through the gloom:
Night hears from where, wide-hovering in mid-sky,
She rules the sable hour, and calls her train
Of visionary fears, the shrouded ghost,
The dream distressful, and the' incumbent hag,
That rise to Fancy's eye in horrid forms,
While Reason slumbering lies: at once they fly,
As shadows pass, nor is their path beheld.

And now, pale-glimmering on the verge of
heaven,
From east to north, in doubtful twilight seen,
A whitening lustre shoots its tender beam,
While shade and silence yet involve the ball:

Now sacred Morn, ascending, smiles serene
A dewy radiance, brightening o'er the world :
Gay daughter of the Air, for ever young,
For ever pleasing, lo ! she onward comes,
In fluid gold and azure loose-array'd,
Sun-tinctured, changeful hues : at her approach ,
The western gray of yonder breaking clouds
Slow-reddens into flame ; the rising mists,
From off the mountain's brow, roll blue away .
In curling spires, and open all his woods,
High waving in the sky ; the' uncolour'd stream
Beneath her glowing ray translucent shines :
Glad Nature feels her through her boundless realm .
Of life and sense, and calls forth all her sweets,
Fragrance and song : from each unfolding flower
Transpires the balm of life that Zephyr wafts,
Delicious, on his rosy wing : each bird,
Or high in air or secret in the shade,
Rejoicing, warbles wild his matin hymn ;
While beasts of chase, by secret instinct moved ,
Scud o'er the lawns, and, plunging into night,
In brake or cavern slumber out the day. .

Invited by the cheerful Morn abroad,..
See, from his humble roof the good man comes
To taste her freshness, and improve her rise .
In holy musing : rapture in his eye .
And kneeling wonder speak his silent soul
With gratitude o'erflowing, and with praise..

Now Industry is up : the village pours
Her useful sons abroad to various toil ;
The labourer here with every instrument
Of future plenty arm'd ; and there the swain,
A rural king amid his subject flocks,
Whose bleatings wake the vocal hills afar.

The traveller, too, pursues his early road
 Among the dews of morn. Aurora calls,
 And all the living landscape moves around.

But see, the flush'd horizon flames intense
 With vivid red, in rich profusion stream'd
 O'er Heaven's pure arch. At once the clouds assume
 Their gayest liveries; these with silvery beams
 Fringed lovely, splendid those in liquid gold, [hold!]
 And speak their sovereign's state. He comes; be-
 Fountain of light and colour, warmth and life!
 The king of glory!—round his head divine
 Diffusive showers of radiance circling flow,
 As o'er the Indian wave up rising fair,
 He looks abroad on Nature; and invests,
 Where'er his universal eye surveys,
 Her ample bosom, earth, air, sea and sky,
 In one bright robe with heavenly tinctures gay.

From this hoar hill, that climbs above the plain
 Half-way up heaven, ambitious; brown with woods
 Of broadest shade, and terraced round with walks
 Winding and wild, that deep embowering rise,
 Maze above maze, through all its shelter'd height;
 From hence the aërial concave without cloud,
 Translucent, and in purest azure dress'd;
 The boundless scene beneath, hill, dale, and plain;
 The precipice abrupt: the distant deep,
 Whose shores remurmur to the sounding surge;
 The nearest forest in wide circuit spread;
 Solemn recess! whose solitary walks
 Fair Truth and Wisdom love; the bordering lawn,
 With flocks and herds enrich'd; the daisied vale;
 The river's crystal, and the meadow's green—
 Grateful diversity! allure the eye
 Abroad, to rove amid ten thousand charms.

These scenes, where every Virtue, every Muse,
Delighted range, serene the soul; and lift,
Borne on Devotion's wing, beyond the pole,
To highest Heaven, her thought; to Nature's God,
First source of all things lovely, all things good,
Eternal, infinite! before whose throne [Earth
Sits sovereign Bounty, and through Heaven and
Careless diffuses plenitude of bliss:
Him all things own; he speaks, and it is Day:
Obedient to his nod, alternate Night
Obscures the world: the Seasons at his call
Succeed in train, and lead the Year around.

While Reason thus and rapture fill the heart,
Friends of mankind, good angels, hovering near,
Their holy influence, deep-infusing, lend;
And in still whispers, soft as Zephyr's breath
When scarce the green leaf trembles, through her
Inspire new vigour, purer light supply, [powers
And kindle every virtue into flame.
Celestial intercourse! superior bliss, [soul,
Which Vice ne'er knew! health of the' enliven'd
And heaven on earth begun! Thus, ever fix'd
In solitude, may I, obscurely safe,
Deceive mankind, and steal through life along,
As slides the foot of Time, unmark'd, unknown.

Exalted to his noon the fervent Sun,
Full-blazing o'er the blue immense, burns out
With fierce effulgence. Now the' embowering maze
Of vale sequester'd, or the fir-crown'd side
Of airy mountain, whence with lucid lapse
Falls many a dew-fed stream, invites the step
Of musing poet, and secures repose
To weary pilgrim. In the flood of day,
Oppressive brightness deluging the world,

Sick Nature pants ; and from the cleaving earth
Light vapours, undulating through the air,
Contagious fly, engendering dire disease,
Red plague and fever, or in fogs aloft
Condensing, show a ruffling tempest nigh.

And see, exhaling from the' Atlantic surge,
Wide world of waters ! distant clouds ascend
In vapoury confluence, deepening cloud on cloud,
Then rolling dust along to east and north,
As the blast bears them on his humid wing,
Draw total night and tempest o'er the noon.
Lo ! bird and beast, impress'd by Nature's hand,
In homeward-warnings through each feeling nerve
Haste, from the hour of terror and of storm.
The Thunder now, from forth his cloudy shrine,
Amid conflicting elements, where Dread
And Death attend, the servants of his nod,
First in deaf murmurs sounds the deep alarm,
Heard from afar, awakening awful thought.
Dumb sadness fills this nether world ; the gloom
With double blackness lowers ; the tempest swells,
And expectation shakes the heart of man.

Where yonder clouds in dusky depth extend
Broad o'er the south; fermenting in their womb,
Pregnant with fate, the fiery tempest swells,
Sulphureous steam and nitrous, late exhaled
From mine or unctuous soil ; and, lo ! at once,
Forth darted in slant stream, the ruddy flash,
Quick glancing, spreads a moment's horrid day.
Again it flames expansive, sheets the sky,
Wide and more wide, with mournful light around,
On all sides burning ; now the face of things
Disclosing, swallow'd now in tenfold night.
Again the thunder's voice, with pealing roar,

From cloud to cloud continuous roll'd along,
Amazing bursts ! Air, sea, and shore, resound :
Horror sits shuddering in the felon-breast,
And feels the deathful flash before it flies :
Each sleeping sin, excited, starts to view,
And all is storm within. The murderer, pale
With conscious guilt, though hid in deepest shade,
Hears and flies wild, pursued by all his fears,
And sees the bleeding shadow of the slain
Rise hideous, glaring on him through the gloom.

Hark ! through the' aerial vault the storm, inflamed,
Comes nearer, hoarsely loud, abrupt and fierce,
Peal hurl'd on peal incessant, burst on burst ;
Torn from its base, as if the general frame
Were tumbling into chaos—There it fell,
With whirlwind wing, in red diffusion flash'd :
Destruction marks its path. Yon riven oak
Is hid in smouldering fires ; surprised beneath,
The traveller ill-omen'd prostrate falls,
A livid corse. Yon cottage flames to Heaven,
And in its farthest cell, to which the hour,
All horrible, had sped their steps, behold !
The parent breathless lies, her orphan babes
Shuddering and speechless round—O Power divine !
Whose will, unerring, points the bolt of Fate,
Thy hand though terrible, shall man decide
If punishment or mercy dealt the blow ?

Appeased at last, the tumult of the skies
Subsides, the thunder's falling roar is hush'd ;
At once the clouds fly scattering, and the Sun
Breaks out with boundless splendour o'er the
Parent of light and joy ! to all things he [world.
New life restores, and from each drooping field

Draws the redundant rain, in climbing mists
Fast-rising to his ray, till every flower
Lift up its head, and Nature smiles, revived.

At first 'tis awful silence over all,
From sense of late-felt danger ; till confirm'd,
In grateful chorus mixing, beast and bird
Rejoice aloud to Heaven : on either hand
The woodlands warble, and the valleys lowe.
So pass the songful hours. And now the Sun,
Declined, hangs verging on the western main,
Whose fluctuating bosom, blushing red,
The space of many seas beneath his eye,
Heaves in soft swellings murmuring to the shore :
A circling glory glows around his disk
Of milder beams ; part, streaming o'er the sky,
Inflame the distant azure ; part below
In level lines shoot through the waving wood,
Clad half in light and half in pleasing shade,
That lengthens o'er the lawn. Yon evening-clouds,
Lucid or dusk, with flamy purple edged,
Float in gay pomp the blue horizon round,
Amusive, changeful, shifting into shapes
Of visionary beauty, antique towers
With shadowy domes and pinnacles adorn'd,
Or hills of white extent, that rise and sink
As sportful Fancy lists ; till late, the Sun
From human eye behind earth's shading orb
Total withdrawn, the' aerial landscape fades.

Distinction fails, and in the darkening west
The last light, quivering dimly dies away.
And now the' illusive flame, oft seen at eve
Upborne and blazing on the light-wing'd gale,
Glides o'er the lawn, betokening Night's approach :
Arising awful o'er the eastern sky,

Onward she comes, with silent step and slow,
In her brown mantle wrapp'd, and brings along
The still, the mild, the melancholy hour,
And Meditation, with his eye on Heaven !

Musing, in sober mood, of time and life,
That fly with unreturning wing away
To that dark world, untravel'd and unknown,
Eternity ! through desert ways I walk ;
Or to the cypress-grove, at twilight shunn'd
By passing swains. The chill breeze murmurs low,
And the boughs rustle round me where I stand,
With fancy all aroused.—Far on the left
Shoots up a shapeless rock of dusky height,
The raven's haunt ; and down its woody steep
A dashing flood in headlong torrent hurls
His sounding waters ; white on every cliff [gloom.
Hangs the light foam, and sparkles through the

Behind me rises huge a reverend pile,
Sole on this blasted heath, a place of tombs,
Waste, desolate, where Ruin dreary dwells ;
Brooding o'er sightless skulls and crumbling bones
Ghastful he sits, and eyes with stedfast glare
(Sad trophies of his power, where ivy twines
Its fatal green around) the falling roof,
The time-shook arch, the column grey with moss,
The leaning wall, the sculptured stone defaced,
Whose monumental flattery, mix'd with dust,
Now hides the name it vainly meant to raise.
All is dread silence here, and undisturb'd ;
Save what the wind sighs, and the wailing owl
Screams solitary to the mournful moon,
Glimmering her western ray through yonder aisle,
Where the sad spirit walks with shadowy foot
His wonted round, or lingers o'er his grave.

Hail, midnight shades ! hail, venerable dome !

By age more venerable ; sacred shore,
Beyond Time's troubled sea, where never wave,
Where never wind of passion or of guilt,
Of suffering or of sorrow, shall invade
The calm sound night of those who rest below.
The weary are at peace ; the small and great,
Life's voyage ended, meet and mingle here :
Here sleeps the prisoner safe, nor feels his chain,
Nor hears the oppressor's voice. The poor and old,
With all the sons of Mourning, fearless now
Of want or woe, find unalarm'd repose.
Proud greatness, too, the tyranny of power,
The grace of beauty, and the force of youth,
And name and place, are here—for ever lost !

But, at near distance on the mouldering wall
Behold a monument, with emblem graced
And fair inscription, where with head declined,
And folded arms, the Virtues weeping round,
Lean o'er a beauteous youth who dies below.
Thyrsis—'tis he ! the wisest and the best !
Lamented shade ! whom every gift of Heaven
Profusely bless'd ; all learning was his own ;
Pleasing his speech, by Nature taught to flow,
Persuasive sense and strong, sincere and clear :
His manners greatly plain : a noble grace,
Self-taught, beyond the reach of mimic Art,
Adorn'd him : his calm temper winning mild ;
Nor Pity softer, nor was Truth more bright :
Constant in doing well, he neither sought
Nor shunn'd applause. No bashful merit sigh'd
Near him neglected ; sympathizing, he
Wiped off the tear from Sorrow's clouded eye
With kindly hand, and taught her heart to smile.
"Tis morning, and the Sun his welcome light
Swift, from beyond dark Ocean's orient stream,

Casts through the air, renewing Nature's face
With heaven-born beauty : o'er her ample breast,
O'er sea and shore, light Fancy speeds along,
Quick as the darted beam from pole to pole,
Excursive traveller. Now beneath the north,
Alone with Winter in his inmost realm,
Region of horrors ! here amid the roar
Of winds and waves, the drifted turbulence
Of hail-mix'd snows, resides the' ungenial power,
For ever silent, shivering, and forlorn !
From Zembla's cliffs on to the streights surmised
Of Anian eastward, where both worlds oppose
Their shores contiguous, lies the polar sea,
One glittering waste of ice, and on the morn
Casts cold a cheerless light. Lo ! hills of snow,
Hill behind hill, and alp on alp, ascend,
Piled up from eldest age, and to the Sun
Impenetrable ; rising from afar
In misty prospect dim, as if on air
Each floating hill, an azure range of clouds :
Yet here, even here, in this disastrous clime,
Horrid and harbourless, where all life dies,
Adventurous mortals, urged by thirst of gain,
Through floating isles of ice and fighting storms,
Roam the wild waves in search of doubtful shores,
By west or east, a path yet unexplored !

Hence eastward to the Tartar's cruel coast,
By utmost ocean wash'd, on whose last wave
The blue sky leans her breast, diffused immense
In solitary length the Desert lies,
Where Desolation keeps his empty court :
No bloom of spring o'er all the thirsty vast,
Nor spiry grass, is found ; but sands instead
In sterile hills, and rough rocks rising gray.
A land of fears ! where visionary forms

Of grisly spectres from air, flood, and fire,
Swarm, and before them speechless Horror stalks !
Here, night by night, beneath the starless dusk,
The secret hag and sorcerer unbliss'd
Their sabbath hold, and potent spells compose,
Spoils of the violated grave : and now,
Late at the hour that severs night from morn,
When sleep has silenced every thought of man,
They to their revels fall, infernal throng !
And as they mix in circling dance, or turn
To the four winds of heaven with baggard gaze,
Shot streaming from the bosom of the north,
Opening the hollow gloom, red meteors blaze,
To lend them light, and distant thunders roll,
Heard in low murmurs through the lowering sky.

From these sad scenes, the waste abodes of
Death,

With devious wing, to fairer climes remote
Southward I stray, where Caucasus in view,
Bulwark of nations ! in broad eminence
Upheaves from realm to realm a hundred hills,
On from the Caspian to the Euxine stretch'd,
Pale-glittering with eternal snows to Heaven.
From this chill steep, which midnight's highest
shades

[woods,

Scarce climb to darken, rough with murmuring
Imagination travels with quick eye
Unbounded o'er the globe, and wandering views
Her rolling seas and intermingled isles,
Her mighty continents, outstretch'd immense,
Where Europe, Asia, Afric, of old fame,
Their regions numberless extend ; and where,
To farthest point of west, Columbus late
Through untried oceans borne to shores unknown

Moor'd his first keel adventurous, and beheld
A new, a fair, a fertile, world arise !
But nearer scenes of happy rural view,
Green dale, and level down, and bloomy hill,
The Muse's walk, on which the Sun's bright eye
Propitious looks, invite her willing step.
Here see, around me smiling, myrtle groves,
And mountains crown'd with aromatic woods
Of vegetable gold, with vales amidst,
Lavish of flowers and fragrance, where soft Spring,
Lord of the year ! indulges to each field [grove.
The fanning breeze, live spring, and sheltering

In these bless'd plains a spacious city spreads
Her round extent magnificent, and seems
The seat of empire : dazzling in the sky,
With far-seen blaze, her towery structures shine,
Elaborate works of art ! each opening gate
Sends forth its thousands: peace and plenty round
Environ her. In each frequented school
Learning exalts his head, and Commerce pours
Into her arms a thousand foreign realms.
How fair and fortunate ! how worthy all
Of lasting bliss secure : yet all must fail,
O'erturn'd and lost—nor shall their place be found.

A sullen calm unusual, dark and dead,
Arises inauspicious o'er the heavens.
The beamless Sun looks wan ; a sighing cold
Winters the shadow'd air ; the birds on high,
Shrieking, give sign of fearful change at hand :
And now, within the bosom of the globe,
Where sulphur stored and nitre peaceful slept,
For ages, in their subterranean bed, [steams,
Ferments the' approaching tempest. Vapoury
Inflammable, perhaps by winds sublimed,

Their deadly breath apply. The enkindled mass,
Mine fired by mine in train, with boundless rage,
With horror unconceived, exploded bursts
Its central prison—Shook from shore to shore
Reels the broad continent with all its load,
Hills, forests, cities. The lone desert quakes ;
Her savage sons howl to the thunder's groan,
And lightning's ruddy glare ; while, from beneath,
Deaf distant roarings through the wide profound
Rueful are heard, as when Despair complains.

Gather'd in air, o'er that proud capital
Frowns an involving cloud of gloomy depth,
Casting dun night and terror o'er the heads
Of her inhabitants. Aghast they stand,
Sad gazing on the mournful skies around,
A moment's dreadful silence ! then loud screams
And eager supplications rend the skies.
Lo ! crowds on crowds, in hurried stream along,
From street to street, from gate to gate, roll'd on,
This, that way, burst in waves, by horror wing'd
To distant hill or cave ; while half the globe,
Her frame convulsive rocking to and fro,
Trembles with second agony. Upheaved
In surges, her vex'd surface rolls a sea :
Ruin ensues ; towers, temples, palaces,
Flung from their deep foundations, roof on roof
Crush'd horrible, and pile on pile o'erturn'd,
Fall total—In that universal groan,
Sounding to Heaven, expired a thousand lives,
O'erwhelm'd at once, one undistinguish'd wreck !

Sight, full of fate ! up from the centre torn
The ground yawns horrible a hundred mouths,
Flashing pale flames—down through the gulfs
profound,

Screaming, whole crowds of every age and rank,
With hands to Heaven raised high, imploring aid,
Prone to the abyss descend, and o'er their heads
Earth shuts her ponderous jaws. Part lost in night
Return no more; part on the wasting wave,
Borne through the darkness of the' infernal world,
Far distant rise, emerging with the flood,
Pale as ascending ghosts cast back to day,
A shuddering band; distraction in each eye
Stares wildly motionless; they pant, they catch
A gulp of air, and grasp with dying aim
The wreck that drives along, to gain from Fate,
Short interval! a moment's doubtful life:
For now earth's solid sphere asunder rent
With final dissolution, the huge mass
Falls undermined—Down, down the' extensive seat
Of this fair city, down her buildings sink!
Sink the full pride her ample walls enclosed,
In one wild havoc crash'd, with burst beyond
Heaven's loudest thunder! Uproar unconceived!
Image of Nature's general frame destroy'd!

How greatly terrible, how dark and deep
The purposes of Heaven! At once o'erthrown
White age and youth, the guilty and the just;
O seemingly severe, promiscuous fall!
Reason, whose daring eye in vain explores
The fearful providence, confused, subdued
To silence and amazement, with due praise
Acknowledges the' Almighty, and adores
His will unerring, wisest, justest, best!

The country mourns around with alter'd look:
Fields, where but late the many-colour'd Spring
Sat gaily dress'd amid the vernal breath
Of roses, and the song of nightingales

Soft-warbled, silent languish now and die :
Rivers ingulf'd their ample channels leave
A sandy tract; and goodly mountains, hurl'd
In whirlwind from their seat, obstruct the plain
With rough encumbrance, or through depths of
earth

Fall ruinous, with all their woods immersed.

Sulphureous damps, of dark and deadly power,
Steam'd from the abyss, fly secret overhead,
Wounding the healthful air, whence foul disease,
Murrain and rot, in tainted herds and flocks ;
In man sore sickness, and the lamp of life
Dimm'd and diminish'd; or more fatal ill
Of mind, unsettling reason overturn'd :
Here into madness work'd and boiling o'er
Outrageous fancies, like the troubled sea
Foaming out mud and filth ; here downward sunk
To folly, and in idle musing rapt,
Now chasing with fond aim the flying cloud,
Now numbering up the drops of falling rain..

A while the fiery spirit in its cell
Insidious slumbers, till some chance unknown,
Perhaps some rocky fragment from the roof
Detach'd, and roll'd with rough collision down
Its echoing vault, strikes out the fatal spark
That blows it into rage. Shakes earth again,
Wide through her entrails torn. To all sides flash'd,
The flames bear downward on the central deep,
Immeasurable source ! whence ocean fills
His numerous seas, and pours them round the globe.
The liquid orb, through all its dark expanse
In dire commotion boils, and bursting way
Up through the unsounded bottoms of the main,
Where never tempest ruffled, lifts the deeps,

At once, in billowy mountains to the sky,
With raving violence : and now their shores,
Rebellowing to the surge, they swallow fierce,
O'erswelling mound and cliff; now swift and
strange,
With refluent wave retreating, leave the beach
A naked waste of sands—Meantime, behold !
Yon neighbouring mountain rising bleak and bare,
Its double top in sterile ashes hid,
But green around its base with oil and wine,
Gives sign of storm and desolation near ;
Storehouse of Fate ! from whose infernal womb,
With fiery minerals and metallic ore
Pernicious fraught, ascends eternal smoke ;
Now wavering loose in air, now borne on high,
A dusky column heightening to the Sun !
Imagination's eye looks down dismay'd
The steepy gulf, pale-flaming and profound,
With hourly tumult vex'd, but now incensed
To sevenfold fury. First discordant sounds,
As of a clamouring multitude enraged,
The dash of floods, and hollow howl of winds,
Through wintry woods or cavern'd ruins heard,
Rise from the distant depth, where Uproar reigns :
Anon, with black eruption, from its jaws
A night of smoke, thick-driving, wave on wave,
In stormy flow, and cloud involving cloud,
Rolls surging forth, extinguishing the day,
With volliéd sparkles mix'd, and whirling drifts
Of stones and cinders rattling up the air :
Instant in one broad burst a stream of fire
Red-issuing, floods the hemisphere around,
Nor pause nor rest; again the mountain groans,
Amazing, from its inmost caverns shook ;

Again with loudening rage, intensely fierce,
Disgorges pyramids of quivering flame,
Spire after spire enormous, and torn rocks,
Flung out in thundering ruins to the sky.

But see ! in second pangs the roaring hill
From forth its depth a cloudy pillar shoots,
Gradual and vast, in one ascending trunk,
Of length immense, heaved by the force of fire,
On its own base direct, aloft in air,
Beyond the soaring eagle's sunward flight.
Still as it swells, through all the dark extent,
With wonder seen, ten thousand lightnings play
In flash'd vibrations, and from height to height
Incessant thunders roar. No longer now
Protruded by the explosive breath below,
At once the shadowy summit breaks away
To all sides round, in billows broad and black,
As of a turbid ocean stirr'd by winds,
A vapoury deluge hiding Earth and Heaven.

Thus all day long ; and now the beamless Sun
Sets as in blood : a dreadful pause ensues,
Deceitful calm, portending fiercer storm.
Sad night at once, with all her deep-dyed shades,
Falls black and boundless o'er the scene : suspense
And terror rule the hour. Behold ! from far,
Imploring Heaven with supplicating hands
And streaming eyes, in mute amazement fix'd,
Yon peopled city stands, each sadden'd face
Turn'd toward the hill offears ; and hark ! once more
The rising tempest shakes its sounding vaults,
Now faint in distant murmurs, now more near
Rebounding horrible, with all the roar
Of winds and seas, or engines big with death,
That, planted by the murderous hand of War

To shake the round of some proud capital,
At once dislodged, in one bursting peal
Their mortal thunders mix. Along the sky,
From east to south, a ruddy hill of smoke
Extends its ridge, with dismal light inflamed.
Meanwhile, the fluid lake that works below,
Bitumen, sulphur, salt, and iron scum,
Heaves up its boiling tide: the labouring mount
Is torn with agonizing throes—at once,
Forth from its side disparted, blazing pours
A mighty river, burning in prone waves,
That glimmer through the night to yonder plain :
Divided there, a hundred torrent streams,
Each ploughing up its bed, roll dreadful on,
Resistless: villages, and woods, and rocks,
Fall flat before their sweep. The region round,
Where myrtle walks and groves of golden fruit
Rose fair, where harvest waved in all its pride,
And where the vineyard spread her purple store,
Maturing into nectar, now despoil'd
Of herb, leaf, fruit, and flower, from end to end
Lies buried under fire, a glowing sea !

Thus roaming with adventurous wing the globe,
From scene to scene excursive, I behold
In all her workings, beauteous, great, or new,
Fair Nature, and in all with wonder trace
The Sovereign Maker! first, supreme, and best,
Who actuates the whole; at whose command,
Obedient, fire and flood tremendous rise,
His ministers of vengeance, to reprove
And scourge the nations. Holy are his ways ;
His works unnumber'd, and to all proclaim
Unfathom'd wisdom, goodness unconfined !

CANTO II.

ENDLESS the wonders of creating Power [play'd;
On Earth, but chief on high through Heaven dis-
There shines the full magnificence unveil'd
Of Majesty Divine: resplendent there
Ten thousand suns blaze forth, with each his train
Of worlds dependent, all beneath the eye
And equal rule of one eternal Lord !
To those bright climes, awakening all her powers,
And spreading her unbounded wing, the Muse
Ascending soars on through the fluid space,
The buoyant atmosphere, whose vivid breath,
Soul of all sublunary life, pervades
The realms of Nature, to her inmost depths
Diffused with quickening energy. Now still,
From pole to pole the' aerial ocean sleeps,
One limpid vacancy; now roused to rage
By blustering meteors, wind, hail, rain, or cloud,
With thunderous fury charged, its billows rise,
And shake the nether orb. Still as I mount,
A path the vulture's eye hath not observed,
Nor foot of eagle trod, the' ethereal sphere
Receding, flies approach; its circling arch
Alike remote, translucent, and serene:
Glorious expansion ! by the' Almighty spread !—
Whose limits who hath seen ? or who with him
Hath walk'd the sun-paved circuit from old time,
And visited the host of Heaven around ? [small
Gleaming a borrow'd light, from hence how
The speck of earth, and dim air circumfused !
Mutable region, vex'd with hourly change !
But here unruffled Calm her even reign

Maintains eternal; here the lord of day,
The neighbouring Sun, shines out in all his strength,
Noon without night. Attracted by his beam
I thither bend my flight, tracing the source
Where morning springs; whence her innumerous
streams

Flow lucid forth, and roll through trackless ways
Their white waves o'er the sky. The fountain Orb,
Dilating as I rise, beyond the ken
Of mortal eye, to which Earth, Ocean, Air,
Are but a central point, expands immense,
A shoreless sea of fluctuating fire,
That deluges all ether with its tide.

What power is that which to its circle bounds
The violence of flame? in rapid whirls
Conflicting, floods with floods, as if to leave
Their place, and bursting, overwhelm the world!
Motion incredible! to which the rage
Of oceans, when whole winter blows at once
In hurricane, is peace. But who shall tell
That radiance beyond measure on the Sun
Pour'd out transcendent; those keen-flashing rays
Thrown round his state, and to yon worlds afar
Supplying days and seasons, life and joy!
Such virtue he, the Majesty of Heaven,
Brightness original! all-bounteous king!
Hath to his creature lent, and crown'd his sphere
With matchless glory. Yet not all alike
Resplendent: in these liquid regions pure,
Thick mists, condensing, darken into spots,
And dim the day; whence that malignant light,
When Cæsar bled, which sadden'd all the year
With long eclipse. Some at the centre rise
In shady circles, like the moon beheld

From earth, when she her unenlighten'd face
Turns thitherward opaque ; a space they brood
In congregated clouds, then breaking float
To all sides round : dilated some and dense,
Broad as Earth's surface each, by slow degrees
Spread from the confines of the light along,
Usurping half the sphere, and swim obscure
On to its adverse coast; till there they set,
Or vanish scatter'd, measuring thus the time
That round its axle whirls the radiant orb.

Fairest of beings ! first-created Light !
Prime cause of beauty ! for from thee alone
The sparkling gem, the vegetable race, [charms,
The nobler worlds that live and breathe, their
The lovely hues peculiar to each tribe,
From thy unfailing source of splendour draw !
In thy pure shine with transport I survey
This firmament, and these her rolling worlds,
Their magnitudes and motions : those how vast !
How rapid these ! with swiftness unconceived,
From west to east in solemn pomp revolved,
Unerring, undisturb'd, the Sun's bright train,
Progressive through the sky's light fluent borne
Around their centre. Mercury the first,
Near bordering on the day, with speedy wheel
Flies swiftest on, inflaming where he comes,
With sevenfold splendour, all his azure road.

Next Venus to the westward of the Sun,
Full orb'd her face, a golden plain of light,
Circles her larger round. Fair morning star !
That leads on dawning day to yonder world,
The seat of man, hung in the heavens remote,
Whose northern hemisphere, descending, sees
The Sun arise, as through the zodiac roll'd ;

Full in the middle path oblique she winds
Her annual orb ; and by her side the Moon,
Companion of her flight, whose solemn beams,
Nocturnal, to her darken'd globe supply
A softer daylight, whose attractive power
Swells all her seas and oceans into tides,
From the mid-deeps o'erflowing to their shores.

Beyond the sphere of Mars, in distant skies,
Revolves the mighty magnitude of Jove,
With kingly state, the rival of the Sun ;
About him round four planetary moons,
On earth with wonder all night long beheld,
Moon above moon, his fair attendants, dance.
These in the horizon slow ascending climb
The steep of Heaven, and, mingling in soft flow
Their silver radiance, brighten as they rise.
Those opposite roll downward from their noon
To where the shade of Jove, outstretch'd in length
A dusky cone immense, darkens the sky
Through many a region. To these bounds arriv'd,
A gradual pale creeps dim o'er each sad orb,
Fading their lustre, till they sink involved
In total night, and disappear eclipsed.
By this the sage who, studious of the skies,
Heedful explores these late discover'd worlds,
By this observed the rapid progress finds
Of light itself ; how swift the headlong ray [space,
Shoots from the Sun's height through unbounded
At once enlightening Air, and Earth, and Heaven.
Last, utmost Saturn walks his frontier-round,
The boundary of worlds, with his pale moons
Faint-glimmering through the darkness Night has
thrown,
Deep-dyed and dead, o'er this chill globe forlorn ;

An endless desert, where extreme of cold
Eternal sits, as in his native seat,
On wintry hills of never-thawing ice !
Such Saturn's earth ; and yet even here the sight
Amid these doleful scenes new matter finds
Of wonder and delight ! a mighty ring,
On each side rising from the' horizon's verge,
Self-poised in air, with its bright circle round
Encompasseth his orb. As night comes on
Saturn's broad shade, cast on its eastern arch,
Climbs slowly to its height, and at the' approach
Of morn returning, with like stealthy pace
Draws westward off, till through the lucid round
In distant view the' illumin'd skies are seen.

Beauteous appearance ! by the' Almighty's hand
Peculiar fashion'd.—Thine these noble works,
Great universal Ruler ! Earth and Heaven
Are thine, spontaneous offspring of thy will,
Seen with transcendent ravishment sublime,
That lifts the soul to thee ! a holy joy,
By reason prompted, and by reason swell'd
Beyond all height—for thou art infinite !
Thy virtual energy the frame of things
Pervading actuates ; as at first thy hand
Diffused through endless space this limpid sky.
Vast ocean without storm, where these huge globes
Sail undisturb'd, a rounding voyage each,
Observant all of one unchanging law.
Simplicity divine ! by this sole rule,
The Maker's great establishment, these worlds
Revolve harmonious, world attracting world
With mutual love, and to their central Sun
All gravitating ; now with quicken'd pace
Descending toward the primal orb, and now
Receding slow, excursive from his bounds.

This spring of motion, this hid power infused
Through universal Nature, first was known
To thee, great Newton ! Britain's justest pride,
The boast of human race : whose towering thought
In her amazing progress unconfined,
From truth to truth ascending, gain'd the height
Of science, whither mankind from afar
Gaze up, astonish'd. Now beyond that height,
By Death from frail Mortality set free,
A pure intelligence, he wings his way
Through wondrous scenes, new-open'd in the world
Invisible, amid the general quire
Of saints and angels, rapt with joy divine,
Which fills, o'erflows, and ravishes the soul !
His mind's clear vision from all darkness purged,
For God himself shines forth immediate there,
Through those eternal climes, the frame of things,
In its ideal harmony, to him
Stands all reveal'd.——

But how shall mortal wing
Attempt this blue profundity of Heaven,
Unfathomable, endless of extent !
Where unknown suns to unknown systems rise,
Whose numbers who shall tell ? stupendous host !
In flaming millions through the vacant hung,
Sun beyond sun, and world to world unseen,
Measureless distance, unconceiv'd by thought !
Awful their order ; each the central fire
Of his surrounding stars, whose whirling speed,
Solemn and silent, through the pathless void
Nor change nor error knows. But who their ways
By Reason, bold adventurer, unexplored,
Instructed can declare ? What search shall find
Their times and seasons ? their appointed laws,
Peculiar ? their inhabitants of life,

And of intelligence, from scale to scale
Harmonious rising, and in fix'd degree,
Numberless orders, each resembling each,
Yet all diverse!—Tremendous depth and height
Of wisdom and of power, that this great whole
Framed inexpressible, and still preserves,
An infinite of wonders!—Thou! Supreme,
First independent Cause, whose presence fills
Nature's vast circle, and whose pleasure moves;
Father of humankind! the Muse's wing
Sustaining guide, while to the heights of Heaven
Roaming the' interminable vast of space,
She rises, tracing thy Almighty hand
In its dread operations. Where is now [scenes
The seat of mankind, Earth? where her great
Of wars and triumphs? empires famed of old,
Assyrian, Roman? or of later name,
Peruvian, Mexican, in that new world,
Beyond the wide Atlantic, late disclosed?
Where is their place?—Let proud Ambition pause,
And sicken at the vanity that prompts
His little deeds:—with Earth, those nearer orbs,
Surrounding planets, late so glorious seen,
And each a world, are now for sight too small,
Are almost lost to thought. The Sun himself,
Ocean of flame, but twinkles from afar,
A glimmering star amid the train of night!
While in these deep abysses of the sky,
Spaces incomprehensible, new suns,
Crown'd with unborrow'd beams, illustrious shine;
Arcturus here, and here the Pleiades,
Amid the northern host; nor with less state,
At sunless distance, huge Orion's orbs
Each in his sphere resplendent, and the noon
Of Sirius, burning through the south of Heaven.

Myriads beyond, with blended rays, inflame
The Milky Way, whose stream of vivid light,
Pour'd from innumerable fountains round,
Flows trembling, wave on wave, from sun to sun,
And whitens the long path to Heaven's extreme ;
Distinguish'd tract ! but as with upward flight
Soaring I gain the' immeasurable steep,
Contiguous stars, in bright profusion sown
Through these wide fields, all broaden into suns,
Amazing, sever'd each by gulfs of air,
In circuit ample as the solar Heavens.

From this dread eminence, where endless day,
Day without cloud abides, alone, and fill'd
With holy horror, trembling I survey
Now downward through the universal sphere
Already pass'd ; now up to the' heights untried,
And of the' enlarging prospect find no bound !
About me on each hand new wonders rise
In long succession ; here pure scenes of light
Dazzling the view, here nameless worlds afar,
Yet undiscover'd ; there a dying Sun
Grow dim with age, whose orb of flame extinct,
Incredible to tell ! thick vapoury mists
From every shore exhaling, mix obscure
Innumerable clouds, disspreading slow,
And deepening shade on shade, till the faint globe,
Mournful of aspect, calls in all his beams !
Millions of lives, that live but in his light,
With horror see, from distant spheres around,
The source of day expire, and all his worlds
At once involved in everlasting night !

Such this dread revolution : Heaven itself,
Subject to change, so feels the waste of years :
So this cerulean round, the work divine
Of God's own hand, shall fade, and empty night

Reign solitary, where these stars now roll
From west to east their periods ; where the train
Of comets wander their eccentric ways,
With infinite excursion, through the' immense
Of ether, traversing from sky to sky
Ten thousand regions in their winding road,
Whose length to trace imagination fails !
Various their paths, without resistance all
Through these free spaces borne ; of various face,
Enkindled this with beams of angry light,
Shot circling from its orb in sanguine showers ;
That, through the shade of night, projecting huge,
In horrid trail, a spire of dusky flame,
Embodied mists and vapours, whose fired mass
Keen vibrates, streaming a red length of air ;
While distant orbs with wonder and amaze
Mark its approach, and night by night alarm'd,
Its dreaded progress watch, as of a foe
Whose march is ever fatal ; in whose train
Famine, and War, and desolating Plague,
Each on his pale horse rides ; the ministers
Of angry Heaven, to scourge offending worlds !

But, lo ! where one from some far world return'd,
Shines out with sudden glare through yonder sky,
Region of darkness, where a Sun's lost globe,
Deep-overwhelm'd with night, extinguish'd lies,
By some hid power attracted from his path ;
Fearful commotion ! into that dusk tract,
The devious comet, steep descending falls
With all his flames, rekindling into life
The' exhausted orb ; and swift a flood of light
Breaks forth diffusive through the gloom, and
spreads
In orient streams to his fair train afar

Of moving fires, from night's dominion won,
And wondering at the morn's unhop'd return.

In still amazement lost, the' awaken'd mind
Contemplates this great view, a Sun restored
With all his worlds ! while thus at large her flight
Ranges these untraced scenes, progressive borne
Far through ethereal ground, the boundless walk
Of spirits, daily travellers from Heaven,
Who pass the mystic gulf to journey here,
Searching the Almighty Maker in his works
From worlds to worlds, and in triumphant quire
Of voice and harp extolling his high praise.

Immortal natures ! clothed with brightness round
Empyreal, from the source of light effused,
More orient than the noon-day's stainless beam ;
Their will unerring, their affections pure,
And glowing fervent warmth of love divine,
Whose object God alone ; for all things else,
Created beauty, and created good,
Illusive all, can charm the soul no more :
Sublime their intellect, and without spot,
Enlarged to draw Truth's endless prospect in,
Ineffable, eternity and time :
The train of beings, all by gradual scale
Descending, sumless orders and degrees ;
The unsounded depth, which mortals dare not try,
Of God's perfections ; how these Heavens first
sprung
From unprolific night ; how moved and ruled
In number, weight, and measure ; what hid laws,
Inexplicable, guide the moral world.

Active as flame, with prompt obedience all
The will of Heaven fulfil : some his fierce wrath
Bear through the nations, pestilence and war ;

His copious goodness some, life, light, and bliss,
To thousands : some the fate of empires rule,
Commission'd, sheltering with their guardian-wings
The pious monarch and the legal throne.

Nor is the sovereign nor the' illustrious great
Alone their care : to every lessening rank
Of worth propitious, these bless'd minds embrace
With universal love the just and good,
Wherever found ; unprized, perhaps unknown,
Depress'd by fortune, and with hate pursued,
Or insult, from the proud oppressor's brow,
Yet dear to Heaven, and meriting the watch
Of angels o'er his unambitious walk,
At morn or eve, when Nature's fairest face,
Calmly magnificent, inspires the soul
With virtuous raptures, prompting to forsake
The sin-born vanities and low pursuits
That busy humankind ; to view their ways
With pity ; to repay for numerous wrongs
Meekness and charity : or, raised aloft,
Fired with ethereal ardour, to survey
The circuit of creation ; all these suns, [height,
With all their worlds : and still from height to
By things created rising, last ascend
To that First Cause who made, who governs, all ;
Fountain of being ! self-existent Power !
All-wise, all-good ! who from eternal age
Endures, and fills the' immensity of space ;
That infinite diffusion, where the mind
Conceives no limits : undistinguish'd void,
Invariable, where no landmarks are,
No paths to guide Imagination's flight.

MISCELLANIES.

VERSES

PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE,

On his visiting Oxford, in the Year 1734.

RECEIVE, loved prince ! the tribute of our praise,
This hasty welcome in unfinish'd lays.

At best the pomp of song, the paint of art
Display the genius, but not speak the heart ;
And oft, as ornament must truth supply,
Are but the splendid colouring of a lie.
These need not here ; for to a soul like thine
Truth plain and simple will more lovely shine.
The truly good but wish the verse sincere ;
They court no flattery who no censure fear.

Such Nassau is ; the fairest, gentlest mind ;
In blooming youth the Titus of mankind !
Crowds, who to hail thy wish'd appearance ran,
Forgot the prince, to praise and love the man.
Such sense with sweetness, grandeur mix'd with
Our nobler youth will learn of thee to please : [ease,
Thy bright example shall our world adorn,
And charm, in gracious princes, yet unborn.

Nor deem this verse from venal art proceeds,
That vice of courts, the soil for baneful weeds.
Here candour dwells, here honest truths are taught,
To guide and govern, not disguise the thought.

See these enlighten'd sages who preside
 O'er Learning's empire ; see the youth they guide !
 Behold all faces are in transport dress'd !
 But those most wonder who discern thee best.
 At sight of thee, each free-born heart receives
 A joy the sight of princes rarely gives,
 From tyrants sprung, and oft themselves design'd
 By Fate the future Neros of their kind.
 But though thy blood, we know, transmitted springs
 From laurel'd heroes and from warrior kings ;
 Through that high series we, delighted, trace
 The friends of liberty and human race !

Oh ! born to glad and animate our Isle ! [smile ;
 For thee our Heavens look pleased, our seasons
 For thee, late object of our tender fears,
 When thy life droop'd, and Britain was in tears,
 All-cheering Health, the goddess rosy fair,
 Attended by soft suns and vernal air, [hour,
 Sought those famed springs ¹ where, each afflictive
 Disease, and Age, and Pain, invoke her power :
 She came, and while to thee the current flows,
 Pour'd all herself, and in thy cup arose ;
 Hence to thy cheek that instant bloom derived !
 Hence with thy health the weeping world revived !

Proceed to emulate thy race divine ;
 A life of action and of praise be thine !
 Assert the titles genuine to thy blood,
 By nature daring, but by reason good.
 So great, so glorious thy forefathers shone,
 No son of theirs must hope to live unknown :
 Their deeds will place thy virtue full in sight,
 Thy vice, if vice thou hast, in stronger light.

¹ Bath.

If to thy fair beginnings nobly true,
 Think what the world may claim, and thou must do :
 The honours that already grace thy name
 Have fix'd thy choice, and force thee into fame :
 E'en she, bright Anna ! whom thy worth has won,
 Inspires thee what to seek and what to shun :
 Rich in all outward grace, the exalted fair
 Makes the soul's beauty her peculiar care.
 O ! be your nuptials crown'd with glad increase
 Of sons in war renown'd, and great in peace ;
 Of daughters fair and faithful, to supply
 The patriot-race, till Nature's self shall die !

ON DR. FRAZER'S

Rebuilding Part of the University of Aberdeen.

IN times long pass'd, ere Wealth was Learning's foe,
 And dared despise the worth he would not know ;
 Ere mitred Pride, which arts alone had raised,
 Those very arts in others saw unpraised ;
 Friend to mankind ¹, a prelate good and great
 The Muses courted to this safe retreat ;
 Fix'd each fair virgin, decent, in her cell,
 With learned Leisure and with Peace to dwell.
 The fabric finish'd, to the sovereign's fame ²,
 His own neglecting, he transferr'd his claim :
 Here by successive worthies well was taught
 Whate'er enlightens or exalts the thought :
 With labour planted, and improved with care,
 The various tree of knowledge flourish'd fair ;

¹ Bishop Elphinston.

² Calling it King's College, in compliment to James IV.

Soft and serene the kindly seasons roll'd,
And Science long enjoy'd her age of gold.

Now, dire reverse! impair'd by lapse of years,
A falling waste the Muses' seat appears.
O'er her gray roofs, with baneful ivy bound,
Time, sure destroyer, walks his hostile round :
Silent and slow, and ceaseless in his toil,
He mines each wall, he moulder's every pile !
Ruin hangs hovering o'er the fated place,
And dumb Oblivion comes with mended pace.

Sad Learning's genius, with a father's fear,
Beheld the total desolation near;
Beheld the Muses stretch the wing to fly,
And fix'd on Heaven his sorrow-streaming eye !
From Heaven, in that dark hour, commission'd
came

Mild Charity, e'en there the foremost name :
Sweet Pity flew before her softly bright,
At whose felt influence Nature smiled with light.

'Hear and rejoice!—(the gracious Power begun)
Already fired by me, thy favourite son
This ruin'd scene remarks with filial eyes,
And from its fall bids fairer fabrics rise. [gray,
E'en now, behold ! where crumbling fragments
In dust deep-buried, lost to memory, lay :
The column swells, the well-knit arches bend,
The round dome widens, and the roofs ascend !

' Nor ends the bounty thus :—by him bestow'd,
Here Science shall her richest stores unload :
Whate'er long hid Philosophy has found,
Or the Muse sung, with living laurel crown'd ;
Or History descried, far-looking sage !
In the dark doubtfulness of distant age ; [bined,
These, thy best wealth, with curious choice com-
Now treasured here, shall form the studious mind ;

To wits unborn the wanted succours give,
And fire the bard whom Genius means to live.
‘ But teach thy sons the gentle laws of peace ;
Let low self-love and pedant discord cease :
Their object truth, utility their aim,
One social spirit reign, in all the same :
Thus aided, arts shall with fresh vigour shoot,
Their cultured blossoms ripen into fruit,
Thy faded star dispense a brighter ray,
And each glad Muse renew her noblest lay.’

A FRAGMENT.

* * * *

FAIR Morn ascends ; soft Zephyr's wing
O'er hill and vale renews the Spring ;
Where sown profusely, herb and flower
Of balmy smell, of healing power,
Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe fresh life in every gale.
Here spreads a green expanse of plains,
Where sweetly-pensive Silence reigns ;
And there, at utmost stretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the sky ;
While winding round, diffused and deep,
A river rolls with sounding sweep.
Of human art no traces near,
I seem alone with Nature here !
Here are thy walks, O sacred Health !
The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth,
The seasoning of all good below !
The sovereign friend, in joy or woe !

O thou ! most courted, most despised,
And but in absence duly prized !
Power of the soft and rosy face,
The vivid pulse, the vermeil grace ;
The spirits when they gayest shine,
Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine !
O sum of life ! whose heavenly ray
Lights up and cheers our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The storm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till Nature, with thy parting light,
Reposes late in Death's calm night :
Fled from the trophied roofs of state,
Abodes of splendid pain and hate ;
Fled from the couch, where in sweet sleep
Hot Riot would his anguish steep,
But tosses through the midnight shade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid ;
For ever fled to shady cell,
Where Temperance, where the Muses dwell ;
Thou oft art seen, at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn ;
Or on the brow of mountain high,
In silence feasting ear and eye
With song and prospect, which abound
From birds, and woods, and waters round.

But when the Sun, with noontide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day ;
While Heat sits fervent on the plain,
With Thirst and Languor in his train,
All Nature sickening in the blaze,
Thou, in the wild and woody maze
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighbouring steep,

Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing Coolness has her seat.

There plunged amid the shadows brown,
Imagination lays him down,
Attentive, in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood :
The bee in yonder flowery nook,
The chidings of the headlong brook,
The green leaf shivering in the gale,
The warbling hill, the lowing vale,
The distant woodman's echoing stroke,
The thunder of the falling oak :
From thought to thought in vision led,
He holds high converse with the dead,
Sages or poets. See ! they rise,
And shadowy skim before his eyes.
Hark ! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,
That soften'd savages to men :
Lo, Socrates ! the sent of Heaven,
To whom its moral will was given :
Fathers and friends of humankind,
They form'd the nations, or refined ;
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlightening truth, adorning art.

While thus I mused beneath the shade,
At once the sounding breeze was laid,
And Nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe.
Dumb silence grew upon the hour,
A browner night involved the bower ;
When, issuing from the inmost wood,
Appear'd fair Freedom's genius good.
O Freedom ! sovereign boon of Heaven,
Great charter with our being given,

For which the patriot and the sage
Have plann'd, have bled, through every age !
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace,
Who could not give, nor can reclaim,
What but from God immediate came !

CUPID AND HYMEN;

OR,

The Wedding-Day.

THE rising morn, serenely still,
Had brightening spread o'er vale and hill ;
Not those loose beams that wanton play
To light the mirth of giddy May,
Nor such red heats as burn the plain
In ardent Summer's feverish reign,
But rays all equal, soft, and sober,
To suit the second of October,
To suit the pair whose Wedding-day
This Sun now gilds with annual ray.

Just then where our good-natured Thames is
Some four short miles above St. James's,
And deigns with silver-streaming wave
The' abodes of earth-born Pride to lave ;
Aloft in air two gods were soaring,
While Putney cits beneath lay snoring,
Plunged deep in dreams of ten *per cent.*
On sums to their dear country lent ;
Two gods of no inferior fame,
Whom ancient wits with reverence name.

Though wiser moderns much disparage—
I mean the gods of Love and Marriage.

But Cupid first, his wit to show,
Assuming a mere modern beau,
Whose utmost aim is idle mirth,
Look'd—just as coxcombs look on earth ;
Then raised his chin, then cock'd his hat,
To grace the common-place chit-chat.

‘ How ! on the wing by break of dawn,
Dear brother !—(there he forced a yawn)—
To tell men, sunk in sleep profound,
They must ere night be gagg'd and bound ;
Who having once put on thy chain,
‘Tis odds may ne'er sleep sound again.
So say the wits ; but wiser folks
Still marry, and contemn their jokes ;
They know each better bliss is thine,
Pure nectar, genuine from the vine ;
And Love's own hand that nectar pours,
Which never fails nor ever sours !
Well, be it so : yet there are fools
Who dare demur to formal rules ;
Who laugh profanely at their betters,
And find no freedom placed in fetters ;
But, well or ill, jog on through life
Without that sovereign bliss—a wife !
Leave these at least, these sad dogs, free
To stroll with Bacchus and with me,
And sup in Middlesex or Surrey
On coarse cold beef and Fanny Murray.’

Thus Cupid—and with such a leer,
You would have sworn 'twas Ligonier ;
While Hymen soberly replied,
Yet with an air of conscious pride :

‘ Just come from yonder wretched scene,
 Where all is venal, false, and mean,
 (Looking on London as he spoke)
 I marvel not at thy dull joke ;
 Nor in such cant to hear thee vapour,
 Thy quiver lined with South-sea paper ;
 Thine arrows feather’d, at the tail,
 With India bonds for hearts on sale ;
 Their other ends too, as is meet,
 Tipp’d with gold points from Lombard-street :
 But couldst thou for a moment quit
 These airs of fashionable wit,
 And reassume thy nobler name—
 Look that way, where I turn my flame—’

He said, and held his torch inclined,
 Which, pointed so, still brighter shined—
 ‘ Behold yon couple, arm in arm,
 Whom I, eight years, have known to charm,
 And while they wear my willing chains,
 A god dares swear that neither feigns.
 This morn, that bound their mutual vow,
 That bless’d them first, and blesses now,
 They grateful hail ; and from the soul
 Wish thousands o’er both heads may roll,
 Till from life’s banquet either guest,
 Embracing, may retire to rest.
 Come then, all railery laid aside,
 Let this their day serenely glide ;
 With mine thy serious aim unite,
 And both some proper guests invite,
 That not one minute’s running sand
 May find their pleasures at a stand.’

At this severe and sad rebuke,
 Enough to make a coxcomb puke,

Poor Cupid, blushing, shrugg'd and winced
Nor yet consenting, though convinced ;
For 'tis your witling's greatest terror,
E'en when he feels, to own his error ;
Yet with a look of arch grimace
He took his penitential face ;
Said, ' Twas perhaps the surer play
To give your grave good souls their way ;
That as true humour was grown scarce,
He chose to see a sober farce ;
For of all cattle and all fowl
Your solemn-looking ass and owl
Raised much more mirth, he durst aver it,
Than those jack-puddings, pug and parrot.'

He said, and eastward spread his wing,
From London some few friends to bring.
His brother too, with sober cheer,
For the same end did westward steer ;
But first a pensive love forlorn,
Who three long weeping years has borne
His torch reversed, and all around,
Where once it flamed, with cypress bound,
Sent off to call a neighbouring friend,
On whom the mournful train attend ;
And bid him, this one day, at least,
For such a pair, at such a feast,
Strip off the sable veil, and wear
His once gay look and happier air.

But Hymen, speeding forward still,
Observed a man on Richmond-hill¹,
Who now first tries a country life,
Perhaps to fit him for a wife :

¹ A. Mitchell, Esq. minister at the court of Prussia.

But though not much on this he reckon'd,
The passing god look'd in and beckon'd :
He knows him rich in social merit,
With independent taste and spirit ;
Though he will laugh with men of whim,
For fear such men should laugh at him.

But, lo ! already on his way,
In due observance of the day,
A friend and favourite of the Nine,
Who can, but seldom cares, to shine,
And one sole virtue would arrive at—
To keep his many virtues private ;
Who tends, well pleased, yet as by stealth,
His loved companions, Ease and Health ;
Or in his garden, barring out
The noise of every neighbouring rout,
At pensive hour of eve and prime
Marks how the various hand of Time
Now feeds and rears, now starves and slaughters,
His vegetable sons and daughters.

While these are on their way, behold !
Dan Cupid, from his London-fold
First seeks and sends his new Lord-Warden² :
Of all the nymphs in Covent Garden ;
Brave as the sword he wears in fight,
Sincere, and briefly in the right ;
Whom never minister or king
Saw meanly cringing in their ring.

A second see ! of special note,
Plump Comus³ in a colonel's coat,

² The late General Skelton. He had just then purchased a house in Henrietta-street.

³ The late Colonel Caroline Scott, who, though extremely corpulent, was uncommonly active ; and who, to much skill,

Whom we this day expect from far,
 A jolly first-rate man of war,
 On whom we boldly dare repose,
 To meet our friends or meet our foes.

Or comes a brother in his stead ?
 Strong-bodied too, and strong of head ;
 Who, in whatever path he goes,
 Still looks right on before his nose,
 And holds it little less than treason
 To balk his stomach or his reason :
 True to his mistress and his meat,
 He eats to love, and loves to eat.

Last comes a virgin — pray admire her !
 Cupid himself attends to squire her :
 A welcome guest ! we much had miss'd her,
 For 'tis our Kitty, or his sister.
 But, Cupid, let no knave or fool
 Snap up this lamb to shear her wool ;
 No Teague of that unblushing band
 Just landed, or about to land ;
 Thieves from the womb, and train'd at nurse
 To steal an heiress, or a purse :
 No scraping, saving, saucy cit,
 Sworn foe of breeding, worth, and wit ;
 No half-form'd insect of a peer,
 With neither land nor conscience clear,
 Who if he can, 'tis all he can do,
 Just spell the motto on his landau :
 From all, from each of these, defend her,
 But thou and Hymen both befriend her

spirit, and bravery, as an officer, joined the greatest gentleness of manners as a companion and friend. He died a sacrifice to the public, in the service of the East India Company, at Bengal, in the year 1755.

With truth, taste, honour, in a mate,
And much good sense, and some estate.

But now, suppose the' assembly met,
And round the table cordial set,
While in fair order, to their wish,
Plain Neatness sends up every dish,
And Pleasure at the sideboard stands,
A nectar'd goblet in his hands,
To pour libations, in due measure,
As Reason wills when join'd with Pleasure.—
Let these white moments all be gay,
Without one cloud of dim alloy ;
In every face let joy be seen,
As Truth sincere, as Hope serene ;
Let Friendship, Love, and Wit, combine
To flavour both the meat and wine
With that rich relish to each sense,
Which they, and they alone, dispense ;
Let Music, too, their mirth prolong,
With warbled air and festive song ;
Then when at eve the Star of Love
Glowes with soft radiance from above,
And each companionable guest
Withdraws replenish'd, not oppress'd,
Let each, well-pleased, at parting say—
‘ My life be such a Wedding-day !’

TRUTH IN RHYME.

Addressed to a certain Noble Lord.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following extract from his Majesty's Speech to both Houses of Parliament, which by every man in his dominions would be thought the noblest introduction to a poem of the first merit, is peculiarly suitable to introduce this; however unequal these verses may be to the subject they attempt to adorn, this singular advantage will be readily allowed them; it will at the same time be the fullest and best explanation of the Author's meaning on a theme so interesting and uncommon. The words are these:

March 3, 1761.

• * * * In consequence of the act passed in the reign of my late glorious predecessor, King William III. for settling the succession to the crown in my family, the commissions of the judges have been made during their good behaviour; but notwithstanding that wise provision, their offices have determined upon the demise of the crown or at the expiration of six months afterwards, in every instance of that nature which has happened.

' I look upon the independency and uprightness of the judges of the land as essential to the impartial administration of justice, as one of the best securities of the rights and liberties of my loving subjects, and as most conducive to the honour of the crown: and I come now to recommend this interesting object to the consideration of Parliament, in order that such farther provision, as shall be most expedient, may be made, for securing the judges in the enjoyment of their offices during their good behaviour, notwithstanding any such demise.'

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING POEM.

It has no faults, or I no faults can spy:

It is all beauty, or all blindness I.

Imprimatur, meo periculo.

CHESTERFIELD.

ASTREA, eldest born of Jove,
Whom all the gods revere and love,
Was sent, while man deserved their care,
On earth to dwell, and govern there,
Till finding earth by Heaven unawed,
Till sick of violence and fraud,
Abandoning the guilty crew,
Back to her native sky she flew :
There, station'd in the Virgin-sign,
She long has ceased on Earth to shine ;
Or if at times she deigns a smile,
'Tis chief o'er Britain's favour'd isle.

For there—her eye with wonder fix'd,
That wonder too with pleasure mix'd,
She now beheld, in blooming youth,
The patron of all worth and truth ;
Not where the Virtues most resort,
On peaceful plains, but in a Court !
Not in a cottage, all-unknown ;
She found him seated on a throne !
What fables paint, what poets sing,—
She found, in fact—a patriot-king !

But as a sight so nobly new
Deserved, she thought, a nearer view ;
To where, by silver-streaming Thames,
Ascends the palace of St. James,
Swift through surrounding shades of night
The goddess shot her beamy flight ;
She stopp'd ; and the revealing ray
Blazed round her favourite where he lay
In sweet repose ; o'er all his face
Repose shed softer bloom and grace ;
But fearful lest her sun-bright glare
Too soon might wake him into care,

(For splendid toils and weary state
Are every monarch's envied fate)
The stream of circling rays to shroud,
She drew an interposing cloud.

In all the silence of surprise,
She gazed him o'er ; she saw arise
(For gods can read the human breast)
Her own idea there impress'd ;
And that his plan to bless mankind,
The plan now brightening in his mind,
May story's whitest page adorn,
May shine through nations yet unborn,
She calls *Urania* to her aid :—

At once the fair ethereal maid,
Daughter of Memory and Jove,
Descending, quits her laurel'd grove ;
Loose to the gale her azure robe,
Borne in her left a starry globe,
Where each superior son of Fame
Will find inscribed his deathless name ;
Her right sustains the' immortal lyre,
To praise true merit, or inspire.

‘ Behold—(*Astrea* thus began)—
The friend of virtue and of man ;
Calm reason see, in early youth !
See in a prince—the soul of truth !
With love of justice, tender sense,
For suffering worth and innocence,
Who means to build his happy reign
On this best maxim, wise and plain—
Though plain, how seldom understood,
That to be great he ~~must~~ be good !
His breast is open to your eye ;
Approach, *Urania* ! mark, and try :

This bosom needs no thought to hide;
This virtue dares our search abide.

‘ The sacred fountains to secure
Of Justice, undisturb’d and pure
From hopes or fears, from fraud or force,
To ruffle or to stain their course ;
That these may flow serene and free,
The law must independent be ;
Her ministers, as in my sight,
And mine alone, dispensing right ;
Of piercing eye, of judgment clear,
As honour just, as truth sincere,
With temper firm, with spirit sage,
The Mansfields of each future age.

‘ And this prime blessing is to spring
From youth in purple ! from a king !
Who, true to his imperial trust,
His greatness founds in being just ;
Prepares, like yon ascending Sun,
His glorious race with joy to run,
And where his gracious eye appears,
To bless the world he lights and cheers !

‘ Such worth with equal voice to sing,
Urania ! strike thy boldest string ;
And Truth, whose voice alone is praise,
That here inspires, shall guide the lays.
Begin ! awake his gentle ear
With sounds that monarchs rarely hear :
He merits, let him know our love,
And you record what I approve.’

She ended ; and the heaven-born maid
With soft surprise his form survey’d :
She saw what chastity of thought
Within his stainless bosom wrought,

Then fix'd on Earth her sober eye,
And, pausing, offer'd this reply :

‘ Nor pomp of song, nor paint of art,
Such truths should to the world impart:
My task is but in simple verse
These promised wonders to rehearse ;
And when on these our verse we raise,
The plainest is the noblest praise !

‘ Yet more :—a virtuous doubt remains ;
Would such a prince permit my strains ?
Deserving, but still shunning fame,
The homage due he might disclaim.
A prince who rules to save mankind,
His praise would in their virtue find ;
Would deem their strict regard to laws,
Their faith and worth, his best applause :
Then, Britons ! your just tribute bring
In deeds, to emulate your king ;
In virtues, to redeem your age
From venal views and party rage.
On his example safely rest ;
He calls, he courts you to be bless'd ;
As friends, as brethren, to unite
In one firm league of just and right.

‘ My part is last ; if Britain yet
A lover boasts of truth and wit,
To him these grateful lays to send,
The monarch's and the Muse's friend ;
And whose fair name, in sacred rhymes,
My voice may give to latest times.’

She said ; and after thinking o'er
The men in place near half a score,
To strike at once all scandal mute,
The goddess found and fix'd on Bute.

THE REWARD ;
OR,
APOLLO'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

To Charles Stanhope.

1757.

APOLLO, from the southern sky,
O'er London lately glanced his eye :
Just such a glance our courtiers throw
At suitors whom they shun to know ;
Or have you mark'd the averted mien,
The chest erect, the freezing look
Of Bumbo, when a bard is seen
Charged with his Dedication-book ?

But gods are never in the wrong :
What then displeased the power of song ?

The case was this :—Where noble arts
Once flourish'd, as our fathers tell us,
He now can find, for men of parts,
None but rich blockheads and mere fellows ;
Since drums, and dice, and dissipation,
Have chased all taste from all the nation :
For is there now one table spread
Where Sense and Science may be fed ?
Where, with a smile on every face,
Invited Merit takes his place ?
These thoughts put Phœbus in the spleen,
(For gods, like men, can feel chagrin)
And left him on the point to shroud
His head in one eternal cloud ;
When, lo ! his all-discerning eye
Chanced one remaining friend to spy,

Just crept abroad, as is his way,
To bask him in the noon-tide ray.

This Phœbus noting, call'd aloud
To every interposing cloud,
And bade their gather'd mists ascend,
That he might warm his good old friend ;
Then, as his chariot roll'd along,
Tuned to his lyre this grateful song :

‘ With talents, such as God has given
To common mortals, six in seven,
Who yet have titles, ribbons, pay,
And govern whom they should obey ;
With no more frailties than are found
In thousand others, count them round ;
With much good will, instead of parts,
Express'd for artists and for arts ;
Who smiles if you have smartly spoke,
Or nods applause to his own joke ;
This bearded child, this gray-hair'd boy,
Still plays with life as with a toy ;
Still keeps amusement full in view :—
Wise ? Now and then—but oftener new ;
His coach, this hour, at Watson's door,
The next—in waiting on a whore.

‘ Whene'er the welcome tidings ran
Of monster strange, or stranger man,
A Selkirk from his desert isle,
Or alligator from the Nile ;
He saw the monster in its shrine,
And had the man next day to dine ;
Or was it an Hermaphrodite ?
You found him in a two-fold hurry,
Neglecting for this he-she sight
The single charms of Fanny Murray.

Gathering from suburb and from city
Who were, who would be, wise or witty ;
The full-wigg'd sons of pills and potions,
The bags of maggot and new notions ;
The sage, of microscopic eye,
Who reads him lectures on a fly ;
Grave antiquaries with their flams,
And poets squirming epigrams ;
With some few lords—of those that think,
And dip, at times, their pen in ink ;
Nay, ladies too, of diverse fame,
Who are and are not of the game :
For he has look'd the world around,
And pleasure in each quarter found.
Now young, now old, now grave, now gay,
He sinks from life by soft decay,
And sees at hand, without affright,
The' inevitable hour of night.'

But here some pillar of the state,
Whose life is one long dull debate ;
Some pedant of the sable gown,
Who spares no failings but his own,
Set up at once their deep-mouth'd hollow ;—
Is this a subject for Apollo ?
What ! can the god of Wit and Verse
Such trifles in our ears rehearse ?

‘ Know, Puppies ! this man's easy life,
Serene from cares, unvex'd with strife,
Was oft employ'd in doing good,
A science you ne'er understood ;
And charity, ye sons of Pride !
A multitude of faults will hide.
I at his board more sense have found
Than at a hundred dinners round :

Taste, learning, mirth, my western eye
Could often there collected spy ;
And I have gone well pleased to bed,
Revolving what was sung or said.

‘ And he, who entertain’d them all
With much good liquor, strong and small,
With food in plenty, and a welcome,
Which would become my Lord of Melcombe¹,
Whose soups and sauces duly season’d,
Whose wit well-timed, and sense well-reason’d,
Give Burgundy a brighter stain,
And add new flavour to Champagne—
Shall this man to the grave descend
Unown’d, unhonour’d, as my friend ?—
No ; by my deity I swear,
Nor shall the vow be lost in air ;
While you, and millions such as you,
Are sunk for ever from my view,
And lost in kindred darkness lie,
This good old man shall never die :
No matter where I place his name,
His love of learning shall be fame.’

¹ This poem was certainly written in 1757, but the reader has only to remember that Apollo is the god of Prophecy as well as of Poetry. MALLET.

TYBURN.

To the ~~Marine~~ Society.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The design of the ~~Marine~~ Society is in itself so laudable, and has been pursued so successfully for the public good, that I thought it merited a public acknowledgment: but, to take off from the flatness of a direct compliment, I have, through the whole poem, loaded their Institution with such reproaches as will show, I hope, in the most striking manner, its real utility.

By authentic accounts it appears, that from the first rise of the Society to the present year, 1762, they have collected, clothed, and fitted out, for the sea service, 5452 grown men, 4511 boys, in all 9963 persons; whom they have thus not only saved, in all probability, from perdition and infamy, but rendered them useful members of the community; at a time too when their country stood most in need of their assistance.

IT has been (all examples show it)
 The privilege of every poet,
 From ancient down through modern time,
 To bid dead matter live in rhyme;
 With wit enliven senseless rocks,
 Draw repartee from wooden blocks;
 Make buzzards senators of note,
 And rooks harangue that geese may vote.

These moral fictions, first design'd
 To mend and mortify mankind,
 Old ~~Æ~~sop, as our children know,
 Taught twice ten hundred years ago.
 His Fly upon the chariot-wheel
 Could all a statesman's merit feel,

And, to its own importance just,
Exclaim, with Bufo, ‘ What a dust !’
His horse-dung, when the flood ran high,
In Colon’s air and accent cry,
While tumbling down the turbid stream,
‘ Lord love us, how we apples swim !’

But farther instances to cite
Would tire the hearer’s patience quite.
No ; what their numbers and their worth,
How these admire while those hold forth,
From Hyde Park on to Clerkenwell,
Let clubs, let coffee-houses tell,
Where England, through the world renown’d,
In all its wisdom may be found ;
While I, for ornament and use,
An orator of wood produce.

Why should the gentle reader stare ?
Are wooden orators so rare ?—
Saint Stephen’s Chapel, Rufus’ Hall,
That hears them in the pleader bawl,
That hears them in the patriot thunder,
Can tell if such things are a wonder :
So can St. Dunstan’s in the West,
When good Romaine harangues his best,
And tells his staring congregation
That sober sense is sure damnation ;
That Newton’s guilt was worse than treason
For using, what God gave him, reason.

‘ A pox of all this prefacing !
(Smart Balbus cries) come, name the thing ;
That such there are we all agree :
What is this wood ? Why—Tyburn-tree !
Hear then this reverend oak harangue,
Who makes men do so, ere they hang.

Patibulum loquitur.

‘ Each thing whatever, when aggrieved,
Of right complains to be relieved.
When rogues so raised the price of wheat
That few folks could afford to eat,
(Just as when doctors’ fees run high
Few patients can afford to die)
The poor durst into murmurs break,
For losers must have leave to speak ;
Then from reproaching fell to mauling
Each neighbour-rogue they found forestalling.
As these again, their knaves and setters,
Durst vent complaints against their betters,
Whose only crime was in defeating
Their schemes of growing rich by cheating ;
So shall not I my wrongs relate,
An injured minister of state ?
The finisher of care and pain
May sure with better grace complain,
For reasons no less strong and true,
Marine Society ! of you ;
Of you, as every carman knows,
My latest and most fatal foes.

‘ My property you basely steal,
Which e’en a British oak can feel ;
Feel and resent :—what wonder then
It should be felt by British men,
When France, insulting, durst invade
Their clearest property of trade ?
For which both nations at the bar
Of that supreme tribunal—War,
To show their reasons have agreed,
And lawyers by ten thousands feed,

Who now for legal quirks and puns
Plead with the rhetoric of great guns,
And each his client's cause maintains
By knocking out the opponent's brains ;
While Europe all—but we adjourn
This wise digression, and return.

‘ Your rules and statutes have undone me ;
My surest cards begin to shun me :
My native subjects dare rebel,
Those who were born for me and Hell ;
And but for you, the scoundrel line
Had every mother's son died mine :
A race unnumber'd as unknown,
Whom town or suburb calls her own :
Of vagrant love the various spawn,
From rags and filth, from lace and lawn ;
Sons of Fleet Ditch, of bulks, of benches,
Where peer and porter meet their wenches ;
For neither health nor shame can wean us
From mixing with the midnight Venus.

‘ Nor let my cits be here forgot ;
They know to sin as well as sot.
When Night demure walks forth, array'd
In her thin negligée of shade,
Late risen from their long regale
Of beef and beer, and bawdy tale,
Abroad the Common-council sally,
To poach for game in lane or alley :
This gets a son, whose first essay
Will filch his father's till away ;
A daughter that, who may retire,
Some few years hence, with her own sire ;
And while his hand is on her locket
The filial virtue picks his pocket.

Change Alley, too, is grown so nice,
A broker dares refine on vice ;
With lordlike scorn of marriage vows,
In her own arms he cuckolds spouse ;
For young and fresh while he would wish her,
His loose thought glows with Kitty Fisher ;
Or after nobler quarry running,
Profanely paints her out a Gunning.

‘ Now these, of each degree and sort,
At Wapping dropp’d, perhaps at Court,
Bred up for me, to swear and lie,
To laugh at Hell, and Heaven defy ;
These, Tyburn’s regimented train,
Who risk their necks to spread my reign,
From age to age, by right divine,
Hereditary rogues, were mine ;
And each, by discipline severe,
Improved beyond all shame and fear,
From guilt to guilt advancing daily,
My constant friend, the good Old Bailey,
To me made over, late or soon,
I think, at latest, once a moon ;
But by your interloping care
Not one in ten shall be my share.

‘ Ere ’tis too late, your error see,
You foes to Britain and to me !
To me, agreed—but to the nation ?—
I prove it thus by demonstration.

‘ First, that there is much good in ill
My great apostle Mandeville
Has made most clear. Read, if you please,
His moral Fable of “ The Bees.”
Our reverend clergy next will own—
Were all men good, their trade were gone ;

That were it not for useful vice
Their learned pains would bear no price ;
Nay, we should quickly bid defiance
To their demonstrated alliance.

‘ Next, kingdoms are composed, we know,
Of individuals, Jack and Joe :
Now these, our sovereign lords—the rabble,
For ever prone to growl and squabble,
The monstrous many-headed beast,
Whom we must not offend, but feast,
Like Cerberus, should have their sup ;
And what is that—but trussing up ?
How happy were their hearts, and gay,
At each return of hanging-day !
To see Page¹ swinging they admire,
Beyond e'en Madox¹ on his wire !
No baiting of a bull or bear
To Perry¹ dangling in the air !
And then the being drunk a week,
For joy some Sheppard¹ would not squeak !
But now that those good times are o'er,
How will they mutiny and roar !
Your scheme absurd of sober rules
Will sink the race of men to mules ;
For ever drudging, sweating, broiling,
For ever for the public toiling :
Hard masters ! who, just when they need them,
With a few thistles deign to feed them.
‘ Yet more—for it is seldom known
That fault or folly stands alone—

¹ As these are all persons of note, and well known to our readers, we think any more particular mention of them unnecessary. MALLET.

You next debauch their infant mind
With fumes of honourable wind,
Which must beget, in heads untried,
That worst of human vices, pride.
All who my humble paths forsake
Will reckon each to be a Blake !
There on the deck, with arms a-kimbo,
Already struts the future Bembow !
By you bred up to take delight in
No earthly thing, but oaths and fighting.
These sturdy sons of blood and blows,
By pulling Monsieur by the nose,
By making kicks and cuffs the fashion,
Will put all Europe in a passion.
The grand alliance, now quadruple,
Will pay us home, *jusqu'au centuple* ;
So the French king was heard to cry—
And can a king of Frenchmen lie ?

‘ These and more mischiefs I foresee
From fondling brats of base degree.
As mushrooms that on dunghills rise
The kindred weeds beneath despise,
So these their fellows will contemn,
Who in revenge will rage at them ;
For through each rank what more offends
Than to behold the rise of friends ?
Still, when our equals grow too great,
We may applaud, but we must hate ;
Then will it be endured, when John
Has put my hempen ribbon on,
To see his ancient messmate Cloud,
By you made turbulent and proud,
And early taught my tree to bilk,
Pass in another—all of silk ?

‘ Yet, one more mournful case to put ;
 A hundred mouths at once you shut !
 Half Grub Street, silenced in an hour,
 Must curse your interposing power.
 If my lost sons no longer steal,
 What son of hers can earn a meal ?
 You ruin many a gentle bard,
 Who lived by heroes—that die hard !
 Their brother hawkers too, that sung
 How great from world to world they swung,
 And by sad sonnets, quaver’d loud,
 Drew tears and halfpence from the crowd !

‘ Blind Fielding² too—a mischief on him !
 I wish my sons would meet and stone him !
 Sends his black squadrons up and down,
 Who drive my best boys back to town.
 They find that travelling now abroad,
 To ease rich rascals on the road,
 Is grown a calling much unsafe,
 That there are surer ways by half,
 To which they have their equal claim
 Of earning daily food and fame ;
 So down at home they sit and think—
 How best to rob with pen and ink.

‘ Hence red-hot letters and essays
 By the John Lilburn of these days,
 Who guards his want of shame and sense
 With shield of sevenfold impudence :
 Hence cards on Pelham, cards on Pitt,
 With much abuse and little wit ;
 Hence libels against Hardwicke penn’d,
 That only hurt when they commend ;
 Hence oft ascribed to Fox, at least
 All that defames his namesake beast ;

² Sir John Fielding, the Bow Street magistrate.

Hence Cloacina hourly views
Unnumber'd labours of the Muse,
That sink where myriads went before,
And sleep within the chaos hoar;
While her brown daughters, under ground,
Are fed with politics profound :
Each eager hand a fragment snaps,
More excrement than what it wraps.

‘ These, singly, contributions raise,
Of casual pudding and of praise :
Others again, who form a gang,
Yet take due measures not to hang,
In Magazines their forces join,
By legal methods to purloin ;
Whose weekly or whose monthly feat is
First to decry, then steal your treatise :
So rogues in France perform their job,
Assassinating ere they rob.

‘ But, this long narrative to close,
They who would grievances expose,
In all good policy no less
Should show the methods to redress.
If commerce, sinking in one scale,
By fraud or hazard comes to fail,
The task is next, all statesmen know it,
To find another where to throw it,
That, rising there in due degree,
The public may no loser be.
Thus having heard how you invade,
And in one way destroy my trade,
That we at last may part good friends,
Hear how you still may make amends.

‘ O search this sinful town with care ;
What numbers, duly mine, are there !

The full-fed herd of money-jobbers,
Jews, Christians, rogues alike and robbers !
Who riot on the poor man's toils,
And fatten by a nation's spoils !
The crowd of little knaves in place,
Our age's envy and disgrace.
Secret and snug, by daily stealth
The busy vermin pick up wealth ;
Then, without birth, control the great,
Then, without talents, rule the state !

‘ Some ladies too—for some there are
With shame and decency at war,—
Who on a ground of pale threescore
Still spread the rose of twenty-four,
And bid a nut-brown bosom glow
With purer white than lilies know ;
Who into vice intrepid rush,
Put modest whoring to the blush,
And with more front engage a trooper
Than Jenny Jones or Lucy Cooper.

‘ Send me each mischief-making nibbler,
‘ Tis equal senator or scribbler,
Who on the self-same spot of ground,
The self-same hearers staring round,
Abjure and join with, praise and blame,
Both men and measures still the same ;
Or serve our foes with all their might,
By proving Britons dare not fight :
Slim, flimsy, fiddling, futile elves,
They paint the nation from themselves ;
Less aiming to be wise than witty,
And mighty pert, and mighty pretty.

‘ Send me each string—save green and blue—
These, Brother Towerhill, wait for you.

But, Lollius, be not in the spleen ;
 'Tis only Arthur's Knights I mean—
 Not those of old renown'd in fable,
 Nor of the Round, but gaming, table,
 Who every night, the waiters say,
 Break every law they make by day ;
 Plunge deep our youth in all the vice
 Attendant upon drink and dice,
 And, mixing in nocturnal battles,
 Devour each others' goods and chattels ;
 While from the mouth of magic-box,
 With curses dire and dreadful knocks,
 They fling whole tenements away,
 Fling time, health, fame,—yet call it *Play* !
 Till, by advice of special friends,
 The titled dupe a sharper ends ;
 Or if some drop of noble blood
 Remains, not quite defiled to mud,
 The wretch, unpitied and alone,
 Leaps headlong to the world unknown !

THE DISCOVERY :

UPON READING SOME VERSES WRITTEN BY A YOUNG
 LADY AT A BOARDING-SCHOOL, SEPT. 1760.

APOLLO lately sent to know
 If he had any sons below ;
 For, by the trash he long had seen
 In male and female Magazine,
 A hundred quires not worth a groat,
 The race must be extinct he thought.

His messenger to court repairs,
 Walks softly with the crowd up stairs ;

But when he had his errand told,
The courtiers sneer'd, both young and old :
Augustus knit his royal brow,
And bade him let Apollo know it,
That, from his infancy till now,
He loved nor poetry nor poet.

His next adventure was the Park,
When it grew fashionably dark :
There beauties, boobies, strumpets, rakes,
Talk'd much of commerce, whist, and stakes ;
Who tips the wink, who drops the card,—
But not one word of verse or bard.

The stage, Apollo's old domain,
Where his true sons were wont to reign,
His courier now pass'd frowning by ;—
Ye modern Durfeys, tell us why.

Slow to the City last he went ;
There all was prose of *cent per cent*.
There *alley-omnium*, *scrip*, and *bonus*,
(Latin for which a Muse would stone us,
Yet honest Gideon's classic style)
Made our poor nuncio stare and smile.

And now the clock had struck eleven,
The messenger must back to heaven ;
But just as he his wings had tied,
Look'd up Queen-square, the north-east side,
A blooming creature there he found,
With pen and ink, and books around,
Alone, and writing by a taper ;—
He read unseen, then stole her paper.
It much amused him on his way,
And reaching Heaven by break of day,
He show'd Apollo what he stole ;—
The god perused, and liked the whole ;

Then calling for his pocket-book,
Some right celestial vellum took,
And what he with a sunbeam there
Writ down, the Muse thus copies fair :
‘ If I no men my sons must call,
Here’s one fair daughter worth them all :
Mark then the sacred words that follow,
Sophia’s mine’—so sign’d

APOLLO.

IMPROPTU,

ON A LADY WHO HAD PASSED SOME TIME IN PLAYING WITH A VERY YOUNG CHILD.

‘ **W**H Y on this least of little Misses
Did Celia waste so many kisses ?
Quoth Love, who stood behind, and smiled,
‘ She kiss’d the father in the child.’

ON I. H. ESQ.

THE youth had wit himself, and could afford
A witty neighbour his good word.
Though scandal was his joy, he would not swear ;
An oath had made the ladies stare :
At them he duly dress’d, but without passion ;
His only mistress was the fashion.
His verse with fancy glitter’d, cold and faint ;
His prose with sense correctly quaint.
Trifles he loved ; he tasted arts :
At once a fribble and a man of parts.

INSCRIPTION FOR A PICTURE.

WITH no one talent that deserves applause ;
 With no one awkwardness that laughter draws ;
 Who thinks not, but just echoes what we say ;
 A clock at morn wound up to run a day ;
 His larum goes in one smooth simple strain ;
 He stops, and then we wind him up again :
 Still hovering round the fair at fifty-four,
 Unfit to love, unable to give o'er :
 A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing,
 Awake to buzz, but not alive to sting ;
 Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can,
 The teasing ghost of the departed man.

EPIGRAM,

ON A CERTAIN LORD'S PASSION FOR A SINGER.

NERINA's angel voice delights ;
 Nerina's devil-face affrights ;
 How whimsical her Strephon's fate,
 Condemn'd at once to like and hate !
 But be she cruel, be she kind,
 Love ! strike her dumb, or make him blind.

A SIMILE IN PRIOR,

APPLIED TO THE SAME PERSON.

‘ DEAR Thomas ! didst thou never pop
 Thy head intq a tinman's shop ?
 There, Thomas ! didst thou never see—
 'Tis but by way of Simile—

A squirrel spend its little rage
In jumping round a rolling cage ?
Moved in the orb, pleased with the chimes,
The foolish creature thinks it climbs ;
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
It never gets two inches higher.'

So fares it with this little peer
So busy and so bustling here ;
For ever flirting up and down,
And frisking round his cage, the Town.

EPIGRAM,

ON SEEING TWO PERSONS PASS BY IN VERY DIFFERENT EQUIPAGES.

IN modern as in ancient days,
See what the Muses have to brag on ;
The player—in his own post-chaise,
The poet—in a carrier's waggon !

EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN AT TUNBRIDGE-WELLS. 1760.

WHEN Churchill led his legions on,
Success still follow'd where he shone,
And are those triumphs, with the dead,
All from his house for ever fled ?
Not so ; by softer, surer arms,
They yet survive in beauty's charms ;
For, look on blooming Pembroke's face,
E'en now he triumphs in his race.

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR, AND GIVEN IN PRINT TO,
A BEGGAR.

O MERCY ! Heaven's first attribute,
Whose care embraces man and brute,
Behold me, where I shivering stand ;
Bid gentle Pity stretch her hand
To Want and Age, Disease and Pain,
That all in one sad object reign.
Still feeling bad, still fearing worse,
Existence is to me a curse :—
Yet how to close this weary eye ?
By my own hand I dare not die ;
And Death the friend of human woes,
Who brings the last and sound repose,
Death does at dreadful distance keep,
And leaves one wretch to wake and weep.

A WINTER'S DAY.

WRITTEN IN A STATE OF MELANCHOLY,

Now, gloomy Soul ! look out—now comes thy turn ;
With thee behold all ravaged Nature mourn.
Hail the dim empire of thy darling night, [light :
That spreads slow-shadowing o'er the vanquish'd
Look out with joy ; the ruler of the day
Faint, as thy hopes, emits a glimmering ray ;
Already exiled to the utmost sky,
Hither oblique, he turn'd his clouded eye.
Lo ! from the limits of the wintry pole
Mountainous clouds in rude confusion roll ;

In dismal pomp, now hovering on their way,
To a sick twilight they reduce the day.

And hark ! imprison'd winds, broke loose, arise,
And roar their haughty triumph through the skies ;
While the driven clouds, o'ercharged with floods of
And mingled lightning, burst upon the plain. [rain,
Now see sad Earth—like thine her alter'd state,
Like thee she mourns her sad reverse of fate !

- Her smile, her wanton looks—where are they now ?
Faded her face, and wrapp'd in clouds her brow !

No more the' ungrateful verdure of the plain,
No more the wealth-crown'd labours of the swain :
These scenes of bliss no more upbraid my fate,
Torture my pining thought, and rouse my hate ;
The leaf-clad forest and the tufted grove,
Erewhile the safe retreats of happy love,
Stripp'd of their honours, naked now appear ;
This is—my Soul ! the winter of their year :
The little noisy songsters of the wing,
All shivering on the bough, forget to sing.
Hail, reverend Silence ! with thy awful brow,
Be Music's voice for ever mute—as now ;
Let no intrusive joy my dead repose
Disturb—no pleasure disconcert my woes.

In this moss-cover'd cavern, hopeless laid,
On the cold cliff I'll lean my aching head,
And, pleased with winter's waste, unpitying see
All Nature in an agony with me.
Rough rugged rocks, wet marshes, ruin'd towers,
Bare trees, brown brakes, bleak heaths, and rushy
moors,

Dead floods, huge cataracts, to my pleased eyes—
(Now I can smile)—in wild disorder rise ;

And now, the various dreadfulness combined,
Black Melancholy comes to doze my mind.

See ! Night's w^{sh}d shades rise spreading
through the air,

And the lone hollow gloom for me prepare !
Hail, solitary ruler of the grave !

Parent of terrors ! from thy dreary cave
Let thy dumb silence midnight all the ground,

And spread a welcome horror wide around.—
But hark !—a sudden howl invades my ear !

The phantoms of the dreadful hour are near;
Shadows from each dark cavern now combine,

And stalk around, and mix their yells with mine.

Stop, flying Time ! repose thy restless wing ;
Fix here—nor hasten to restore the Spring :
Fix'd my ill fate, so fix'd let Winter be—
Let never wanton Season laugh at me.

ON THE DEATH OF LADY ANSON.

ADDRESSED TO HER FATHER¹. 1761.

O ! CROWN'D with honour, bless'd with length of
days,

Thou whom the wise revere, the worthy praise ;
Just guardian of those laws thy voice explain'd,

And meriting all titles thou hast gain'd—

Though still the fairest from Heaven's bounty flow,
For 'good and great' no monarch can bestow ;
Yet thus of health, of fame, of friends, possess'd,
No fortune, Hardwicke ! is sincerely bless'd :

¹ Philip, first Earl of Hardwicke.

All humankind are sons of sorrow born ;
The great must suffer, and the good must mourn.

For say, can Wisdom's self, what late was thine,
Can Fortitude, without a sigh resign ?

Ah ! no : when Love, when Reason, hand in hand
O'er the cold urn consenting mourners stand,
The firmest heart dissolves to soften here,
And Piety applauds the falling tear.

Those sacred drops, by virtuous weakness shed,
Adorn the living while they grace the dead !
From tender thought their source unblamed they
draw,

By Heaven approved, and true to Nature's law.

When his loved child the Roman could not save,
Immortal Tully, from an early grave²,
No common forms his home-felt passion kept,
The sage, the patriot, in the parent wept :
And, O ! by grief allied, as join'd in fame,
The same thy loss, thy sorrows are the same.
She whom the Muses, whom the Loves, deplore,
E'en she thy pride and pleasure is no more ;
In bloom of years, in all her virtue's bloom,
Lost to thy hopes, and silent in the tomb.

O season mark'd by mourning and despair !
Thy blasts how fatal to the young and fair !
For vernal freshness, for the balmy breeze,
Thy tainted winds came pregnant with disease ;
Sick Nature sunk before the mortal breath,
That scatter'd fever, agony, and death.
What funerals have thy cruel ravage spread !
What eyes have flow'd ! what noble bosoms bled !

² Tullia died about the age of two-and-thirty. She is celebrated for her filial piety, and for having added to the usual graces of her sex the more solid accomplishments of knowledge and polite letters. MALLET.

Here let Reflection fix her sober view;
O think who suffer and who sigh with you !
See rudely snatch'd, in all her pride of charms,
Bright Granby, from a youthful husband's arms !
In climes far distant see that husband mourn,
His arms reversed, his recent laurel torn !
Behold again, at Fate's imperious call,
In one dread instant blooming Lincoln fall !
See her loved lord with speechless anguish bend !
And, mixing tears with his, thy noblest friend,
Thy Pelham, turn on Heaven his streaming eye;
Again in her he sees a brother die !

And he who, long unshaken and serene,
Had death in each dire form of terror seen, [toss'd,
Through worlds unknown o'er unknown oceans
By Love subdued, now weeps a consort lost ;
Now sunk to fondness all the man appears,
His front dejected, and his soul in tears.

Yet more ; nor thou the Muse's voice disdain,
Who fondly tries to sooth a father's pain—
Let thy calm eye survey the suffering ball,
See kingdoms round thee verging to their fall !
What Spring had promised and what Autumn
yields,
The bread of thousands, ravish'd from their fields !
See youth and age, the ignoble and the great,
Swept to one grave, in one promiscuous fate !
Hear Europe groan ! hear all her nations mourn !
And be a private wound with patience borne.

Think too, and Reason will confirm the thought ;
Thy cares for her are to their period brought,
Yet she, fair pattern to a failing age !
With wit chastised, with spritely temper sage ;
Whom each endearing name could recommend,
Whom all became, wife, sister, daughter, friend ;

Unwarp'd by Folly, and by Vice unstain'd,
The prize of Virtue has for ever gain'd !
From life escaped, and safe on that calm shore
Where Sin, and Pain, and Error, are no more ;
She now no change, nor you no fear, can feel ;
Death to her fame has fix'd the' eternal seal.

A FUNERAL HYMN.

YE midnight shades ! o'er Nature spread,
Dumb silence of the dreary hour ;
In honour of the' approaching dead
Around your awful terrors pour.

Yes, pour around
On this pale ground,
Through all this deep surrounding gloom,
The sober thought,
The tear untaught,
Those meetest mourners at a tomb.

Lo ! as the surpliced train draw near
To this last mansion of mankind,
The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
In holy musings wrap the mind !
And while their beam,
With trembling stream,
Attending tapers faintly dart,
Each mouldering bone,
Each sculptured stone,
Strikes mute instruction to the heart.

Now let the sacred organ blow
With solemn pause and sounding slow ;

Now let the voice due measure keep,
In strains that sigh and words that weep;
Till all the vocal current blended roll,
Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul:

To lift it in the Maker's praise !
Who first inform'd our frame with breath,
And, after some few stormy days,
Now gracious gives us o'er to Death.
No king of fears
In him appears,
Who shuts the scene of human woes ;
Beneath his shade
Securely laid,
The dead alone find true repose.

Then, while we mingle ' dust with dust,'
To One supremely good and wise
Raise hallelujahs !—God is just,
And man most happy—when he dies !
His winter pass'd,
Fair Spring at last
Receives him on her flowery shore,
Where pleasure's rose
Immortal blows,
And sin and sorrow are no more.

EPITAPH

ON MR. AIKMAN AND HIS ONLY SON,
WHO WERE BOTH INTERRED IN THE SAME GRAVE.

DEAR to the wise and good, dispraised by none,
Here sleep in peace the father and the son ;
By virtue, as by nature, close allied,
The painter's genius, but without the pride ;
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine,
Honour's clear light, and Friendship's warmth
divine.

The son, fair rising, knew too short a date ;
But oh ! how more severe the parent's fate !
He saw him torn, untimely, from his side,
Felt all a father's anguish,—wept, and died !

EPITAPH

ON A YOUNG LADY.

THIS humble grave though no proud structures
grace,
Yet Truth and Goodness sanctify the place ;
Yet blameless virtue, that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented maid ! now weeps upon thy tomb.
O escaped from life ! O safe on that calm shore
Where sin, and pain, and passion, are no more !
What never wealth could buy, nor power decree,
Regard and Pity wait sincere on thee :
Lo ! soft Remembrance drops a pious tear,
And holy Friendship stands a mourner here.

EPISTLES.

TO MR. POPE.

ON VERBAL CRITICISM.

Advertisement.

As the design of the following Poem is to rally the abuse of Verbal Criticism, the Author could not, without manifest partiality, overlook the Editor of Milton, and the Restorer of Shakspeare. With regard to the latter, he has read over the many and ample specimens with which that Scholiast has already obliged the public ; and of these, and these only, he pretends to give his opinion. But whatever he may think of the critic, not bearing the least ill will to the man, he deferred printing these verses, though written several months ago, till he heard that the subscription for a new edition of Shakspeare was closed.

He begs leave to add, likewise, that this Poem was undertaken and written entirely without the knowledge of the gentleman to whom it is addressed. Only as it is a public testimony of his inviolable esteem for Mr. Pope, on that account, particularly, he wishes it may not be judged to increase the number of mean performances with which the Town is almost daily pestered.

AMONG the numerous fools, by Fate design'd
Oft to disturb, and oft divert, mankind,
The reading Coxcomb is of special note,
By rule a poet, and a judge by rote ;
Grave son of idle Industry and Pride,
Whom learning but perverts, and books misguide.
O famed for judging as for writing well,
That rarest science, where so few excel !

Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends thy lays,
For wit supreme is but thy second praise ;
'Tis thine, O Pope ! who choose the better part,
To tell how false, how vain, the scholiast's art,
Which nor to taste nor genius has pretence,
And, if 'tis learning, is not common sense.

In error obstinate, in wrangling loud,
For trifles eager, positive, and proud ;
Deep in the darkness of dull authors bred,
With all their refuse lumber'd in his head,
What every dunce from every dunghill drew
Of literary offals, old or new,
Forth steps at last the self-applauding wight,
Of points and letters, chaff and straws, to write ;
Sagely resolved to swell each bulky piece
With venerable toys from Rome and Greece :
How oft in Homer, Paris curl'd his hair ?
If Aristotle's cap were round or square !
If in the cave where Dido first was sped,
To Tyre she turn'd her heels, to Troy her head ?

Such the choice anecdotes, profound and vain,
That store a Bentley's and a Burman's brain :
Hence, Plato quoted, or the Stagyrite,
To prove that flame ascends, and snow is white ;
Hence, much hard study without sense or breeding,
And all the grave impertinence of reading.
If Shakspeare says—the noon-day Sun is bright,
His scholiast will remark, it then was light ;
Turn Caxton, Wynkin, each old Goth and Hun,
To rectify the reading of a pun.
Thus nicely trifling, accurately dull,
How one may toil, and toil—to be a fool !
But is there then no honour due to age ?
No reverence to great Shakspeare's noble page ?

And he who half a life has read him o'er,
His mangled points and commas to restore,
Meets he such slight regard in nameless lays,
Whom *Bufo* treats, and *Lady Wou'dbe* pays?

Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,
Who first created and yet rules the stage ;
Bold to design, all-powerful to express,
Shakspeare each passion drew, in every dress :
Great above rule, and imitating none,
Rich without borrowing, Nature was his own ;
Yet is his sense debased by gross alloy ;
As gold in mines lies mix'd with dirt and clay,
Now, eagle-wing'd his Heavenward flight he takes,
The big stage thunders, and the soul awakes ;
Now, low on earth, a kindred reptile creeps,
Sad *Hamlet* quibbles, and the hearer sleeps.

Such was the poet ; next the scholiast view ;
Faint though the colouring, yet the features true.

Condemn'd to dig and dung a barren soil,
Where hardy tares will grow with care and toil,
He with low industry goes gleaning on
From good, from bad, from mean, neglecting none ;
His brother book-worm, so, in shelf or stall,
Will feed alike on *Wool'ston* and on *Paul*.
By living clients hopeless now of bread,
He pettyfogs a scrap from authors dead :
See him on Shakspeare pore, intent to steal
Poor farce, by fragments, for a third-day meal.
Such that grave bird in northern seas is found,
Whose name a Dutchman only knows to sound :
Where'er the king of fish moves on before,
This humble friend attends from shore to shore ;
With eye still earnest, and with bill inclined,
He picks up what his patron drops behind,

With those choice cates his palate to regale,
And is the careful Tibbald of a whale¹.

Bless'd Genius ! who bestows his oil and pains
On each dull passage each dull book contains ;
The toil more grateful as the task more low :
So carrion is the quarry of a crow.
Where his famed author's page is flat and poor,
There most exact the reading to restore ;
By dint of plodding and by sweat of face,
A bull to change, a blunder to replace ;
Whate'er is refuse critically gleaning,
And mending nonsense into doubtful meaning.
For this dread Dennis, and who can forbear,
Dunce or not dunce, relating it, to stare ?²)
His head though jealous, and his years fourscore,
E'en Dennis praises, who ne'er praised before³ !
For this the Scholiast claims his share of fame,
And, modest, prints his own with Shakspeare's
How justly, Pope ! in this short story view, [name :
Which may be dull, and therefore should be true.

A prelate, famed for clearing each dark text,
Who sense with sound and truth with rhetoric mix'd,
Once, as his moving theme to rapture warm'd,
Inspired himself, his happy hearers charm'd.

¹ This remarkable bird is called the Strundt-Jager. Here you see how he purchases his food ; and the same author, from whom this account is taken, tells us farther how he comes by his drink. ' You may see him (adds the Dutchman) ' frequently pursuing a sort of seamew, called Kulge-Gehef, whom he torments incessantly to make him void an excrement, which, being liquid, serves him, I imagine, for drink.' See *A Collection of Voyages to the North*.

² ————— Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum, Dolopanve, &c. VIRG.

³ See The Dedication of his Remarks on the Dunciad to Mr. Lewis Theobald.

The sermon o'er, the crowd remain'd behind,
And freely man or woman spoke their mind :
All said they liked the lecture from their soul,
And each, remembering something, praised the
At last an honest sexton join'd the throng, [whole.
(For as the theme was large their talk was long)
' Neighbours, (he cry'd) my conscience bids me tell,
Though 'twas the Doctor preach'd—I toll'd the bell.'

In this the critic's folly most is shown :
Is there a genius all unlike his own,
With learning elegant, with wit well-bred,
And, as in books, in men and manners read ?
Himself, with poring erudition blind,
Unknowing, as unknown, of humankind,
That writer he selects, with awkward aim,
His sense at once to mimic and to maim.
So Florio is a fop with half a nose ;
So fat West Indian planters dress as beaux ;
Thus gay Petronius was a Dutchman's choice,
And Horace, strange to say ! tuned Bentley's voice.

Horace, whom all the Graces taught to please,
Mix'd mirth with morals, eloquence with ease ;
His genius social as his judgment clear,
When frolic prudent, smiling when severe ;
Secure each temper and each taste to hit,
His was the curious happiness of wit :
Skill'd in that noblest science how to live,
Which Learning may direct, but Heaven must give ;
Grave with Agrippa, with Mecænas gay ;
Among the fair but just as wise as they ;
First in the friendships of the great enroll'd,
The St. Johns, Boyles, and Lytteltons, of old.

While Bentley, long to wrangling schools con-
And but by books acquainted with mankind, [fined,

Dares, in the fulness of the pedant's pride,
Rhyme, though no genius; though no judge, decide;
Yet he, prime pattern of the captious art,
Out-tibbalding poor Tibbald, tops his part; [head,
Holds high the scourge o'er each famed author's
Nor are their graves a refuge for the dead:
To Milton lending sense, to Horace wit,
He makes them write what never poet writ;
The Roman Muse arraigns his mangling pen,
And Paradise by him is lost again ⁴.
Such was his doom imposed by Heaven's decree,
With ears that hear not, eyes that shall not see;
The low to swell, to level the sublime,
To blast all beauty, and beprose all rhyme.
Great eldest-born of Dulness! blind and bold,
Tyrant! more cruel than Procrustes old,
Who to his iron bed by torture fits
Their nobler part, the souls of suffering wits.

Such is the man who heaps his head with bays,
And calls on humankind to sound his praise
For points transplaced with curious want of skill,
For flatten'd sounds, and sense amended ill.
So wise Caligula, in days of yore,
His helmet fill'd with pebbles on the shore,
Swore he had rifled Ocean's richest spoils,
And claim'd a trophy for his martial toils.

⁴ This sagacious scholiast is pleased to create an imaginary editor of Milton, who, he says, by his blunders, interpolations, and vile alterations, lost Paradise a second time. This is a postulatum which surely none of his readers can have the heart to deny him; because otherwise he would have wanted a fair opportunity of calling Milton himself, in the person of this phantom, fool, ignorant, idiot, and the like critical compellations, which he plentifully bestows on him. But though he had no taste in poetry, he was otherwise a man of very considerable abilities, and of great erudition.

Yet be his merits with his faults confess'd ?
Fair dealing, as the plainest, is the best.
Long lay the critic's work with trifles stored,
Admired in Latin, but in Greek adored.
Men so well read, who confidently wrote,
Their readers could have sworn were men of note.
To pass upon the crowd for great or rare,
Aim not to make them knowing, make them stare.
For these blind votaries good Bentley grieved,
Writ English notes—and mankind undeceived ;
In such clear light the serious folly placed,
E'en thou, Browne Willis ! thou mayst see the jest.

But what can cure our vanity of mind,
Deaf to reproof, and to discovery blind ?
Let Cooke a brother-scholiast Shakspeare call,
Tibbald to Hesiod-Cooke returns the ball.
So runs the circle still : in this we see
The lackeys of the great and learn'd agree.
If Britain's nobles mix in high debate,
Whence Europe, in suspense, attends her fate,
In mimic session their grave footmen meet,
Reduce an army, or equip a fleet,
And, rivaling the critic's lofty style,
Mere Tom and Dick are Stanhope and Argyle.

Yet those whom pride and dulness join to blind,
To narrow cares in narrow space confined,
Though with big titles each his fellow greets,
Are but to wits as scavengers to streets ;
The humble blackguards of a Pope and Gay,
To brush off dust, and wipe their spots away.

Or, if not trivial, harmful is their art ;
Fume to the head, or poison to the heart.
Where ancient authors hint at things obscene,
The scholiast speaks out broadly what they mean.

Disclosing each dark vice, well lost to fame,
 And adding fuel to redundant flame,
 He, sober pimp to lechery, explains
 What Capree's isles or V*'s alcove contains ;
 Why Paulus, for his sordid temper known,
 Was lavish to his father's wife alone ;
 Why those fond female visits duly paid
 To tuneful Incuba, and what her trade ;
 How modern love has made so many martyrs,
 And which keeps oftenest, Lady C* or Chartres.

But who their various follies can explain ?
 The tale is infinite, the task were vain.
 'Twere to read new-year odes in search of thought,
 To sum the libels Prynne or Withers wrote ;
 To guess, ere one Epistle⁵ saw the light,
 How many dunces met and clubb'd their mite ;
 To vouch for truth what Welsted prints of Pope,
 Or from the brother-boobies steal a trope.
 That be the part of persevering Wasse⁶,
 With pen of lead ; or, Arnal ! thine of brass ;
 A text for Henley, or a gloss for Hearne,
 Who loves to teach what no man cares to learn.

How little knowledge reaps from toils like these !
 Too doubtful to direct, too poor to please.
 Yet, Critics ! would your tribe deserve a name,
 And, fairly useful, rise to honest fame,
 First from the head a load of lumber move,
 And from the volume all yourselves approve :

⁵ See a poem published some time ago under that title, said to be the production of several ingenious and prolific heads ; one contributing a simile, another a character, and a certain gentleman four shrewd lines wholly made up of asterisks.

⁶ See the Preface to his edition of Sallust ; and read, if you are able, the Scholia of sixteen annotators by him collected, besides his own.

For patch'd and pilfer'd fragments, give us sense ;
 Or learning clear from learn'd impertinence,
 Where moral meaning or where taste presides,
 And wit enlivens but what reason guides ;
 Great without swelling, without meanness plain,
 Serious not silly, sportive but not vain ;
 On trifles slight, on things of use profound,
 In quoting sober, and in judging sound.

TO MIRA.

FROM THE COUNTRY.

AT this late hour the world lies hush'd below,
 Nor is one breath of air awake to blow :
 Now walks mute Midnight darkling o'er the plain,
 Rest and soft-footed Silence in his train,
 To bless the cottage, and renew the swain.
 These all-asleep, me all-aware, they find ;
 Nor rest nor silence charm the lover's mind.
 Already I a thousand torments prove,
 The thousand torments of divided love :
 The rolling thought, impatient in the breast,
 The fluttering wish on wing, that will not rest ;
 Desire, whose kindled flames, undying glow,
 Knowledge of distant bliss and present woe ;
 Unhush'd, unsleeping all, with me they dwell,
 Children of absence, and of loving well.
 These pale the cheek and cloud the cheerless eye,
 Swell the swift tear, and heave the frequent sigh ;
 These reach the heart, and bid the health decline ;
 And these, O Mira ! these are truly mine. [grove,
 She whose sweet smile would gladden all the
 Whose mind is music, and whose looks are love ;
 She, gentle power ! victorious softness !—she,
 Mira ! is far from hence, from love and me ;

Yet in my every thought her form I find, [bined !
Her looks, her words—her world of charms com-
Sweetness is hers, and unaffected ease,
The native wit that was not taught to please :
Whatever softly animates the face,
The eye's attemper'd fire, the winning grace,
The unstudied smile, the blush that nature warms,
And all the graceful negligence of charms !
Ha ! while I gaze a thousand ardours rise,
And my fired bosom flashes from my eyes.
Oh ! melting mildness ! miracle of charms !
Receive my soul within those folding arms ;
On that dear bosom let my wishes rest—
Oh ! softer than the turtle's downy breast !
And see ! where Love himself is waiting near ;
Here let me ever dwell—for heaven is here !

TO MR. THOMSON,

ON HIS PUBLISHING THE SECOND EDITION OF HIS
POEM CALLED 'WINTER,' IN 1726.

CHARM'D and instructed by thy powerful song,
I have, unjust, withheld my thanks too long ;
This debt of gratitude at length receive,
Warmly sincere,—'tis all thy friend can give.

Thy worth new lights the poet's darken'd name,
And shows it blazing in the brightest fame.
Through all thy various Winter, full are found
Magnificence of thought, and pomp of sound,
Clear depth of sense, expression's heightening grace,
And goodness, eminent in power and place.
For this the wise, the knowing few, commend
With zealous joy—for thou art Virtue's friend ;

E'en age and truth severe, in reading thee,
That Heaven inspires the Muse convinced agree.

Thus I dare sing of merit, faintly known,
Friendless—supported by itself alone :
For those whose aided will could lift thee high
In fortune, see not with Discernment's eye.
Nor place nor power bestows the sight refined,
And wealth enlarges not the narrow mind.

How couldst thou think of such, and write so
Or hope reward, by daring to excel ? [well ?
Unskilful of the age, untaught to gain
Those favours which the fawning base obtain,
A thousand shameful arts, to thee unknown,
Falsehood and flattery must be first thy own.
If thy loved country lingers in thy breast,
Thou must drive out the' unprofitable guest ;
Extinguish each bright aim that kindles there,
And centre in thyself thy every care. [kind,

But hence that vileness—pleased to charm man—
Cast each low thought of interest far behind :
Neglected into noble scorn—away
From that worn path where vulgar poets stray ;
Inglorious herd ! profuse of venal lays,
And by the pride despised they stoop to praise ;
Thou ! careless of the statesman's smile or frown,
Tread that straight way that leads to fair renown.
By Virtue guided, and by Glory fired,
And by reluctant Envy slow admired,
Dare to do well, and in thy boundless mind
Embrace the general welfare of thy kind ;
Enrich them with the treasures of thy thought,
What Heaven approves, and what the Muse has
Where thy power fails, unable to go on [taught.
Ambitious, greatly will the good undone :

So shall thy name through ages brightening shine,
And distant praise from worth unborn be thine ;
So shalt thou, happy, merit Heaven's regard,
And find a glorious, though a late, reward.

SONG,

TO A SCOTCH TUNE, ' THE BIRKS OF ENDERMAY.'

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay :
Let us, Amanda ! timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the shades of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear ;
At this thy living bloom must fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade :
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er !
The feather'd songsters love no more :
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the shades of Endermay !

SONG,

TO A SCOTCH TUNE, ' MARY SCOT.'

WHERE Thames, along the daisied meads,
His wave in lucid mazes leads,
Silent, slow, serenely flowing,
Wealth on either shore bestowing,
There in a safe though small retreat
Content and Love have fix'd their seat ;

Love, that counts his duty pleasure,
 Content, that knows and hugs his treasure.
 From art, from jealousy, secure,
 As faith unblamed, as friendship pure,
 Vain opinion nobly scorning,
 Virtue aiding, life adorning ;
 Fair Thames, along thy flowery side,
 May those whom truth and reason guide,
 All their tender hours improving,
 Live like us, beloved and loving !

AN ODE

IN THE MASK OF ALFRED :

SUNG BY A SHEPHERDESS WHO HAS LOST HER LOVER IN
 THE WARS.

A YOUTH, adorn'd with every art
 To warm and win the coldest heart,
 In secret mine possess'd :
 The morning bud that fairest blows,
 The vernal oak that straightest grows,
 His face and shape express'd.
 In moving sounds he told his tale,
 Soft as the sighings of the gale
 That wakes the flowery year.
 What wonder he could charm with ease,
 Whom happy Nature taught to please,
 Whom Honour made sincere ?
 At morn he left me—fought—and fell !
 The fatal evening heard his knell,
 And saw the tears I shed ;
 Tears that must ever, ever fall,
 For, ah ! no sighs the past recall ;
 No cries awake the dead !

PROLOGUES.

TO
THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.
SPOKEN BY LORD SANDWICH.

WHEN arts and arms, beneath Eliza's smile,
Spread wide their influence o'er this happy isle,
A golden reign, uncursed with party-rage,
That foe to taste, and tyrant of our age ;
Ere all our learning in a libel lay,
And all our talk in politics or play ;
The statesman oft would sooth his toils with wit,
What Spenser sung, and Nature's Shakspeare writ ;
Or to the laurel'd grove, at times, retire,
There woo the Muse, and wake the moving lyre.

As fair examples, like ascending Morn,
The world at once enlighten and adorn,
From them diffused, the gentle arts of peace
Shot brightening o'er the land with swift increase ;
Rough Nature soften'd into grace and ease,
Sense grew polite, and Science sought to please.

Relieved from yon rude scene of party-din,
Where open Baseness vies with secret Sin,
And safe embower'd in Woburn's¹ airy groves,
Let us recall the times our taste approves,
Awaken to our aid the mourning Muse,
Through every bosom tender thought infuse,
Melt angry Faction into moral sense,
And to his guests a Bedford's soul dispense.

¹ The Siege of Damascus was acted at Woburn by the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Sandwich, and some other persons of distinction, in the month of May, 1743.

And now, while Spring extends her smiling reign,
 Green on the mountain, flowery in the plain ;
 While genial Nature breathes from hill and dale
 Health, fragrance, gladness, in the living gale ;
 The various softness stealing through the heart
 Impressions sweetly social will impart.
 When sad Eudocia pours her hopeless woe
 The tear of pity will unbidden flow !
 When erring Phocyas, whom wild passions blind,
 Holds up himself a mirror for mankind,
 An equal eye on our own hearts we turn,
 Where frailties lurk, where fond affections burn ;
 And conscious Nature is in all the same,
 We mourn the guilty, while the guilt we blame !

TO

MR. THOMSON'S AGAMEMNON.

WHEN this decisive night at length appears,
 The night of every author's hopes and fears,
 What shifts to bribe applause poor poets try !
 In all the forms of wit they court and lie ;
 These meanly beg it as an alms ; and those,
 By boastful bluster, dazzle and impose.

Nor poorly fearful nor securely vain,
 Ours would by honest ways that grace obtain ;
 Would as a free-born wit be fairly tried,
 And then—let candour, fairly too, decide.
 He courts no friend who blindly comes to praise ;
 He dreads no foe—but whom his faults may raise.
 Indulge a generous pride, that bids him own
 He aims to please by noble means alone ;
 By what may win the judgment, wake the heart,
 Inspiring nature, and directing art ;

By scenes so wrought as may applause command
More from the judging head than thundering hand.

Important is the moral we would teach :
O ! may this island practise what we preach—
Vice in its first approach with care to shun ;
The wretch who once engages is undone.
Crimes lead to greater crimes, and link so straight
What first was accident at last is fate :
Guilt's hapless servant sinks into a slave,
And Virtue's last sad strugglings cannot save.

' As such our fair attempt, we hope to see
Our judges—here at least—from influence free :
One place—unbias'd yet by party rage—
Where only honour votes—the British stage !
We ask for justice, for indulgence sue ;
Our last best licence must proceed from you.'

TO THE MASK OF BRITANNIA :

ACTED AFTER ZARA.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK¹, 1755, IN THE CHARACTER OF A
SAILOR FUDDLED, AND TALKING TO HIMSELF.

He enters singing,
' *How pleasant a sailor's life passes!*' —

WELL, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow,
A sailor, half seas o'er—'s a pretty fellow.
What cheer, ho ? Do I carry too much sail ?

[*To the pit.*

No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale—

[*He staggers forward, then stops.*

But softly though ; the vessel seems to heel :
Steady, my boy,—she must not show her keel.

¹ Some of the lines too were written by him.

And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer?
 Shall I again to sea—and bang Mounseer?
 Or stay on shore, and toy with Sal and Sue—
 Dost love them, boy?—By this right hand I do.
 A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting; [ing :
 There's nothing better, faith—save flip and fight—
 For shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,
 Or lower our flag to slavery and soup?
 What! shall these *Parlyvous* make such a racket,
 And we not lend a hand to lace their jacket?
 Still shall Old England be your Frenchman's butt?
 Whene'er he shuffles, we should always cut.
 I'll to 'em, faith—Avast—before I go—
 Have I not promised Sal to see the show?

[*Pulls out a play-bill.*

From this same paper we shall understand
 What work's to-night—I read your printed hand!
 But, first refresh a bit—for faith I need it—
 I'll take one sugar-plum—and then I'll read it.

[*Takes some tobacco.*

*He reads the play-bill of Zara, which was acted
 that evening.—‘At the The-atre Royal—Drury-
 Lane—will be presenta-ted a tragedy called—
 SARAH.’*

I'm glad 'tis Sarah—Then our Sal may see
 Her namesake's tragedy! and as for me,
 I'll sleep as sound as if I were at sea.

‘*To which will be added—a new Mask.*’

Zounds! why a Mask? We sailors hate grimaces:
 Above-board all, we scorn to hide our faces.
 But what is here, so very large and plain?
 ‘Bri-tan-nia’—oh, Britannia!—good again—

Huzza, boys ! by the Royal George I swear,
 Tom Coxen and the crew shall straight be there.
 All free-born souls must take Bri-tan-nia's part,
 And give her three round cheers, with hand and
 heart ! *[Going off, he stops.*
 I wish you landsmen, though, would leave your
 tricks,
 Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics ;
 And, like us honest tars, drink, fight, and sing,
 True to yourselves, your country, and your king !

EPILOGUE TO THE BROTHERS.

A TRAGEDY BY DR. YOUNG.

To woman, sure, the most severe affliction
 Is from these fellows, point blank contradiction.
 Our bard, without—I wish he would appear—
 Ud ! I would give it him—but you shall hear.—

Good sir ! quoth I—and curtsey'd as I spoke—
 Our pit, you know, expects and loves a joke—
 'Twere fit to humour them ; for, right or wrong,
 True Britons never like the same thing long.
 To-day is fair—they strut, huff, swear, harangue—
 To-morrow's foul—they sneak aside, and hang.
 Is there a war—Peace ! peace ! is all their cry :
 The peace is made—then, blood ! they'll fight and
 die.

Gallants ! in talking thus I meant no treason ;
 I would have brought, you see, the man to reason ;
 But with some folks 'tis labour lost to strive :
 A reasoning mule will neither lead nor drive.
 He humm'd and ha'd ; then, waking from his dream,
 Cried, I must preach to you his moral scheme.

A scheme, forsooth ! to benefit the nation !
 Some queer odd whim of pious propagation !
 Lord ! talk so here—the man must be a widgeon—
 Drury may propagate—but not Religion.

Yet, after all, to give the Devil his due,
 Our Author's scheme, though strange, is wholly
 new.—

Well, shall the novelty then recommend it ?
 If not from liking, from caprice befriend it.
 For drums and routs make him a while your
 passion,
 A little while let Virtue be the fashion ;
 And, spite of real or imagined blunders,
 E'en let him live nine days, like other wonders.

¹ The profits arising from this play were intended to be given by the Author to the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge.

END OF VOL. XLIII.



C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.



